Vol. IX., No. 34 *June, 1920*

STUDIES

An Irish Quarterly Review

OF

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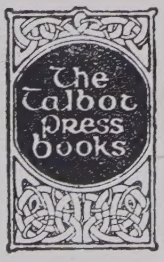

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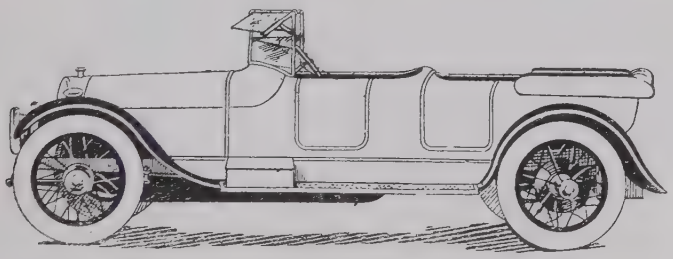

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VOL. IX. No. 34.

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CHARACTER AND DEVELOPMENT OF POST-WAR SOCIALISM.

BY LAMBERT MCKENNA, S.J., M.A.

THOUGH the Socialist spectrum contains an infinity of colours shading into each other, it is possible to distinguish roughly three main divisions.

(1) *Orthodox Marxism.*—Socialists of this type see in Society the working out of the revolution described by Marx, the pauperisation of the proletariat, the concentration of capital, the unification of industry. The modern State is essentially a machine for the exploitation of the proletariat. The people must therefore organise, foster their class-consciousness, engage in the class-war, and, when prepared, carry through the Revolution (not necessarily violent and not necessarily sudden), replacing the Bourgeois State by a real democracy representative of the whole people. As the proletariat will have been already propertyless, the expropriation of the minority will place all property in the hands of the nation, which will henceforth manage it for the common good. To prepare for the Revolution industrial action, strikes, armed revolts are useful. Parliamentary action is good, chiefly inasmuch as Parliament provides a tribune from which the people may be instructed and aroused. "Reforms" are good only in so far as they prepare the people for the Revolution; they do not in themselves mean any step in the process of socialisation. In political action Socialists should have no truck with Bourgeois ministers. Of Bolshevism, the Russian variant of this Marxism, we shall speak later.

(2) *Reformist Marxists.*—For these the Capitalist State is not necessarily an organ for the exploitation of the proletariat, but only so by reason of historical development. It is capable of transformation into a real People's State. Reforms, therefore, in the condition of the proletariat are to be welcomed, and, in promoting them, Socialists may work in harmony with Capitalist politicians.

(3) *Syndicalism.*—The Syndicalist, like the orthodox Marxist, aims at the communal ownership of the means of production and exchange, and consequently at the abolition of the Capitalist system. He would effect this, however, by undermining the economic structure of Capitalism. When the proletariat ceases work, the State must collapse. The General Strike is the Syndicalist weapon.

The grouping and strength of Socialism in the chief European countries at the outbreak of the war was roughly as follows:—

GERMANY.—The *Social Democratic Party*, having 110 members (representing 4,000,000 votes) out of 397 in the Reichstag, acted as a single body though it included Socialists of every shade of thought. Led by Bebel (died 1913) it professed to follow the Erfurt Programme (Orthodox Marxist), but the Revisionists (Bernstein, Vollmar, etc.) had greatly modified the party policy.

AUSTRIA.—The *Social Democrats*, though weak (53 out of 516) in the Reichsrat, represented a third of the country's voting strength.

ENGLAND.—The distinctly Socialist parties were (1) the *British Socialist Party*; (2) The *Fabian Society*, a middle-class Intellectual party of reformist character, and chiefly advocating nationalisation and municipalisation; (3) the *Independent Labour Party*, standing for a Reformist Socialism, and represented by seven members in Parliament. The *Labour Party* (35 M.P.'s) was a federation embracing the I.L.P., the Fabians, and many Trade Councils. Affiliation to it did not necessarily, or even generally, imply Socialist principles.

FRANCE.—In 1914 Socialists held 132 seats in the Chambre. The chief party was the *Unified Socialist Party* (102 members). Though voting together in the Chambre, it embraced two great warring factions, the Guesdistes (Orthodox Marxist) and the Reformists. The C.G.T., the organisation of the Syndicalists, was very powerful throughout France.

ITALY.—Of the two Socialist parties in Parliament, the *Italian Socialist Party* (Orthodox Marxist) led by Turati was the larger; the other was Reformist and was led by Bissolati. Of two Confederations of Trade Unions the larger was Reformist.

RUSSIA.—In the first three Dumas (1906-1914), besides the Conservatives (who were numerous only in the third), there were the following parties: (1) *Constitutional Democrats* ("Cadets") led by Paul Miliukov, a Bourgeois party with a radical programme[1]; (2) *Socialist-Labour Party*, with Reformist tendencies; (3) *Socialist-Revolutionaries*, a peasants' Socialist party. Lastly the *Social Democrats*, split up since 1903 into (4) Bolsheviks and (5) Mensheviks, two parties differing radically in their views as to the methods for bringing about Socialism. The latter held that a political revolution was a necessary preliminary; the Bolsheviks held that in the peculiar circumstances of Russia the revolts against Capitalism and against Czarism should be made at the same time. Both parties had a share in organising the Soviets (a rough and ready representative system invented by the Petrograd workmen in the 1905 Revolution); but, while the Mensheviks considered them merely a good means for organising strikes and armed displays, the Bolsheviks saw in them a method of organising the proletariat as a ruling class. The Mensheviks hoped after the Revolution to establish a Constituent Assembly based on universal suffrage, while the Bolsheviks, con-

[1] Religious liberty, universal suffrage, autonomy of Poland and Finland, division of State and large properties among peasants, etc., etc.

sidering that such an assembly would be only a camouflaged oligarchy, determined to establish a Dictatorship of the very poorest classes, who alone would have the will to initiate a genuine Socialist régime. The Bolsheviks were especially active in disintegrating the army, hoping by a military *coup* to establish their Proletarian Dictatorship.

All these Socialist bodies were loosely connected together by the International.[1]

The declaration of war in 1914 instantly fissured the whole International movement, and proved the weakness of what even in the Chancelleries was thought a serious menace to national unity.[2] In most of the belligerent countries the official Socialist parties supported their governments, though, in almost all, certain sections broke away.

In England the *I.L.P.*, the *British Socialist Party* and *Socialist Labour Party* opposed the war; the *Labour Party* supported it. In Germany, Austria, Hungary, France, the Socialist Parties sided with their nations. In Russia, too, most Socialists favoured the war, though the *Social Democrats* (Bolsheviks and Mensheviks) and the left of the *Social Revolutionaries* opposed it. In Italy the *Socialist Party* was strongly anti-war.

Though the anti-war parties were to some extent inspired by mere humanitarianism, it soon became clear that the chief reason dividing them from the pro-war Socialists was something deeper, a conviction that the only way to prevent war between the States was to effect a break

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[1] Founded in 1889 and called the Second International to distinguish it from the First International which died after 1870. It was merely a Bureau establishing a link between the Socialist and Labour parties of the world. Each of the parties was left in perfect independence, and the only condition for their affiliation to the Bureau was the subscribing to a vague formula of Socialist doctrine. Congresses of the associated parties met every three years, and a Bureau met yearly to prepare the work for the Congresses. A Standing Committee operated at Brussels.

[2] The French Etat-Major had reckoned on 13 per cent. of refusals to serve. There were only 1.75 per cent. *Cf.* Jean Maxe: *De Zimmerwald au Bolshevisme*, *p.* 18.

between the proletariat of each country and its Bourgeois government. Moreover the growing secessions of large sections from the pro-war parties soon brought about a new distribution of the two forms of Socialism.

On the invasion of Belgium the International Bureau had been removed to Holland. This, and the unwillingness of the pro-war parties on either side to meet each other, made the functions of the International inoperative.

The first meeting of anti-war Socialists of the belligerent parties took place at Zimmerwald in September, 1915, at the invitation of the Italian Socialist Party. The parties of the bigger States represented were: — ENGLAND—*Ind. Lab. Party, British Soc. Party* (neither of these could get passports); RUSSIA—*Bolsheviks* (Trotsky and Lenin), *Mensheviks* (Axelrod), *Soc. Revolutionaries, Jewish Bund;* FRANCE—*Left of Socialist Party* (Mérrheim and Bourdon), *Left of C.G.T.;* GERMANY—*Minority Soc. Democrats* (Ledebour, Hoffmann), *Independents.*

Many of the representatives were not very extreme. Lenin's proposal to abjure the International was rejected. The Zimmerwald Manifesto, written by Trotsky, dealt chiefly with the questions raised by the war, and called on all proletarians to unite for peace "without indemnities or annexations." Socialism was mentioned only a few times as the ultimate solution of the war-problem.

Zimmerwald stimulated the anti-war movement everywhere. In France, for instance, it was followed by an immense pacifist propaganda leading to much sabotage in the factories, and ultimately to the mutinies which nearly destroyed the French army in May, 1917.[1]

The Zimmerwald parties met again at Kienthal in April, 1916, and passed resolutions which show a widening rift between the old and the new Socialism.

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[1] Maxe: *De Zimmerwald au Bolshevisme, p.* 77. (Bossard, 1920, 7 fr. 50).

After the Petrograd March Revolution (1917) the International Bureau, thinking the time ripe, authorised one of its sections to call the old members together at Stockholm. As the Entente Powers refused passports to their nationals the Conference, which was held in September, was not representative enough to be considered a revival of the International.

This Stockholm failure, the events of the later months of 1917 (when the Capitalist governments, and even the Russian one, were steadily reverting to their imperialistic policies), the paralysis of Majority Socialism everywhere, then the Bolshevik *coup* in November followed by the publication of the Secret Treaties—all these things were driving Socialists everywhere to favour the more vigorous policy for which the International had proved inadequate.

In spite of this, perhaps in ignorance of it, the Entente Labour and Socialist Conference, held in March, 1918, proposed that a conference be held at Berne for the discussion of war and post-war problems. They did not mean it to be an International Congress (to summon which was beyond their competence), but a special reunion of all kinds of Labour and Socialist bodies to confer on the questions of the hour. The system of representation was wider than that of the International and did not necessarily imply Socialistic principles.

Between the Convocation and the meeting on February 3, 1919, of the Conference the Armistice was signed (Nov. 1918), and hopes were entertained that Berne would influence Versailles. The Conference (Feb. 3-8) issued three Reports, one on the League of Nations, a second on Self-determination, and a third in the form of a Labour Charter, drawn up in collaboration with the International Congress of Trade Unions which sat concurrently but separately at Berne. On the big question of the hour as to the kind of Socialism, Democratic or Soviet, which should prevail in Europe, two reports were issued—the Minority (Adler-Longuet) Report deprecating, on the

ground of insufficient knowledge, the placing of a stigma on the Russian Republic.

A Permanent Committee appointed by the Conference held its first meeting on February 10 and sent on the Reports to Versailles. In its second meeting (at Amsterdam) in April it went into the details of the territorial questions referred to it, and asserted the right of Ireland (among other nations) to self-determination. It also fixed the official re-assembling of the International for Feb. 2, 1920. It met a third time at Lucerne (Aug. 1919), where the growing rift between Old and New Socialism was made clearer than ever. In December it met at London and postponed the calling of the International to July 31, 1920, for a new situation had arisen.

In January, 1919, Lenin had sent out by wireless an appeal to the Extreme Left of all Socialists in the world to join him in establishing a Third (or "Communist") International. Its proposed programme [1] had been drawn up by the Soviet government with the aid of the German Spartacist Union. It was: the proletariat in each country should arise in armed revolt, destroy its capitalist government and replace it by a Dictatorship of the Proletariat; this Dictatorship was to be organised in Soviet fashion; the proletariat was to be armed, the bourgeoisie disarmed; all private land was to be confiscated; all banks, large-scale industry, and buildings were to be socialised.

By the time that this appeal was effectively promulgated Lenin had actually established his Communist International. Only the East-European countries were formally represented, the Left Socialists of other countries being prevented from attending.

Coming as they did from the only Socialist government in actual being, this appeal and a subsequent Manifesto had an instant and powerful effect on Socialist thought

[1] R. Palme Dutt: *The Two Internationals*, p. 63. (Allen & Unwin, 1920, 2s. 6d.).

in Europe. Some parties straightway sent in their adhesion; others declined to join, while a considerable number proposed a new and comprehensive International in which the Old and the New tendencies could be reconciled, or at least work in harmony.

As regards the bigger States the position of the Socialist parties at present is as follows :—[1]

ENGLAND.—Labour Party, Fabian Society, National Socialist Party; *British Socialist Party, Socialist Labour Party, Workers' Socialist Federation, South Wales Socialist Society, Scottish Branch of Independent Labour Party, National Workers' Committee Organisation,* Independent Labour Party.*

FRANCE.—Right Wing of Socialist Party (Renaudel), Left and Centre of Socialist Party * (Longuet and Cachin. These, since the Congress at Strasburg in February, form the majority of the Socialist Party Unified); *Extreme Left of Socialist Party* (Loriot).

GERMANY.—Social Democratic Party ("Majority Socialists"—Ebert, Noske); *The Communist Party* ("Spartacus" group); The Independent Socialist Party * (Bernstein, Kautsky, Hilferding, Ledebour, Crispien, Stoecker).

ITALY.—*The Socialist Party;* Italian Socialist Union.

HUNGARY.—The Socialist Democratic Party (it joined the Third International, but withdrew under the White régime).

AUSTRIA.—The Social Democratic Party.*

U.S.A.—*Socialist Labour Party; Communist Party, Communist Labour Party,* Socialist Party * (reduced to a third of its strength by the secession of the C.P. and the C.L.P.).

Efforts were being made to unite the Reconstructionists when last January a Manifesto was issued by the West-European section of the Moscow International asserting

[1] Adherents of the Third International are in italics, those proposing a Reconstruction are asterisked.

that no *via media* is possible. It is not, however, quite certain that this is the last word of Moscow to the Reconstructionists. If it is, the left-ward movement will probably be greatly accelerated, as it is not so much questions of principle as of tactics that prevent the Reconstructionists from going to Moscow.

What will be the result on the European social system of this headlong left-ward rush of Labour-thought ?

In middle-Europe the continuance of the enforced semi-starvation will inevitably give a strong impulse to Bolshevism. In the Entente and neutral countries the governments, abating little of their class-rule spirit and Imperialist ambitions, would seem to be imposing on Labour the choice between remaining in a state of permanent inferiority and seeking emancipation in Bolshevism.

Even long before the war the big force driving to Socialism was the belief that the State as existing to-day is not fulfilling the purpose which common-sense and Christian ethics dictate—the securing to all, especially the weaker individuals, of a sufficiency of material and moral well-being. A small wealthy class rules everywhere. It uses democratic forms, even professes humanitarian sentiments—it must, in its own interest, have some thought for the physical efficiency of the working-class ; but, owing to its greed or its fear of a too comfortable people, it cannot bring itself to ensure to the majority of its subjects even their rightful minimum of temporal comfort ; it attaches a supreme importance to what it calls prosperity, and what is in reality the wealth of a minority.[1]

This inevitably leads to wars between the various States, each seeking new markets and plotting against its rivals ; and in war each government can force its people into the battle-front by frenzied press-agitation, hypocritical war-cries, lies, and the terrible strength of

[1] *Cf.* Benedict Elder : *A Study in Socialism*, p. 255. (Herder, 1919, 6s.).

mobilisation and field-discipline. But the appalling criminality of imperialism must come home to the peoples more and more as the angers and the sorrows of war subside.

No *cordon sanitaire* can hide the big fact that the most down-trodden and least educated of European democracies has risen against its oppressors, deposed them, and set up a new form of State, the first principle of which is the abolition of Bourgeois cupidity and dominance, and the consequent prevention of any world-war such as has just scourged Europe. It cannot be denied that the Bolshevik State, in so far as it stands for a revolt against the methods and spirit of Imperialism, is of noble origin. Moscow in promising peace is not, as Versailles was, quite evidently hypocritical.

Not merely, however, the objects but the methods and theories of the Bolshevik State, are likely to exercise a great influence on European Labour. Lenin's theory and plan of social reform is fascinating. It is clear-cut and simple, and at every point appears to be dictated by facts which are undeniable. Who, for instance, can question the fact whence he deduces the necessity of his Dictatorship of the Proletariat? Is it not clear that democracy based on an industrial proletariat inevitably develops into Bourgeois rule? In every industrialised State, notwithstanding universal suffrage, Proportional Representation, Referendum and the rest, the wealthy classes, owing to their education, their social and financial influence, their capacity for combination, their control of the press, can hoodwink and oppress the propertyless masses. Therefore, concludes Lenin, no real change is possible until this spurious democracy is overthrown and absolute power given to the poor.[1]

The Bolshevik theory is plausible, and when seen to be realisable, and realised in the least enlightened, least

[1] N. Lenin: *The Proletarian Revolution*, p. 23. (British Socialist Party, 1920, 2s.).

industrialised (and therefore least favourably circumstanced) country in Europe, it makes a most powerful appeal. Lenin's commentary on, and illustration of, *Das Kapital* is more persuasive than the original text of the Socialist Bible. A Soviet Revolutionary Crusade might be more world-shaking than the French Revolution.

Yet it is far from certain that the spirit for this Crusade will live on, even in Russia. The establishment of the Soviet State is explicable [1]; its preservation will prove to be a harder task. It has, it is true, resisted external economic strangulation; it has crushed reaction under Yudenitch, Koltchak and Denikin; it may crush the Polish invasion; but it has more to fear from its own Utopianism. It has acted in defiance of the primal instincts of human nature. These had been partially paralysed by years of defeat, starvation and turmoil, but must finally re-assert themselves.

In attempting to visualise life as it exists to-day in Soviet Russia, one need not go to travellers' tales. These exist in plenty, but are worthless as evidence, being part either of a Capitalistic campaign of vilification or else of Socialist propaganda. We have, however, perfectly reliable sources of knowledge in the writings of Lenin and Trotsky, in the Constitution of the Soviet Republic, and in its Decrees.

What then is the Bolshevik State? It is the Dictatorship of the Proletariat, established, not indeed as a permanent form of Government, but as a transition to a Socialistic State. The following people are ineligible for any voice in the management of public affairs: (1) All private traders from huxters to owners of monster-houses; (2) all private commercial agents and bankers;

[1] The undeveloped state, especially in things political, of the Russian people, their utter demoralisation after defeat and civil strife, the confusion of mind produced by the warring theories of the Intellectuals, the clarity and extremeness of the Bolshevik programme promising immediate land to the peasants, immediate power to the workers, and above all immediate peace to the soldiers, are the usual reasons assigned for the success of the Nov. Revolution. *Cf.* M. A. Landau-Aldanov: *Lénine*, p. 118. (Povolozky, 1919, 6 fr. 50).

(3) all who in any walk of life employ even a single hand for profit, or who have incomes from inherited wealth or investments; (4) clergy, monks and nuns; (5) all wives, relatives, etc., engaged in housekeeping for any of the foregoing.[1] The ruling class therefore consists of (1) peasants; (2) workmen and employees whose occupation is considered "socially useful"; (3) Government officials, soldiers, and sailors. No distinction of sex or religion is made, but anyone in the above classes is disfranchised if he owns any income even from Post Office Savings, if he hires a single hand for the conduct of affairs, or if he incurs the displeasure of the local Soviet.

In any Western country such regulations would disfranchise the big majority of even the poorest classes. Whether this is true of Russia cannot be known. Even Socialists (like Landau-Aldanov) say that of the peasantry only a small proportion have votes. Lenin contradicts this.[2] We are in similar ignorance as to the towns.

The privileged people are organised as follows:— Peasants send delegates (one for every 100 constituents) to form a village Soviet. These village Soviets are represented in proportion to their size in District Congresses; these in their turn in Regional Congresses, and so on to the All-Russian Congress of Soviets, the supreme authority in the State. In the towns the workers in each industry send representatives in proportion to their numbers to form the town Soviet of that industry. These local industrial Soviets are represented according to their size in the above-mentioned District, Regional, etc., Congresses. Soldiers and sailors also form Soviets represented according to size in the Central Congresses. The Soviet differs from the West-European type of representative body in three points. (1) It is elected for three months, and its members can be recalled at any time;

[1] *New Russia* (Socialist Party of Ireland) pp. 14–15. [2] *The Proletarian Revolution*, p. 87.

(2) it acts as a legislative and administrative authority for its constituents; (3) it settles what individuals of the local population may vote in subsequent elections.

Industrial concerns, until they are actually taken over by the State (this is to be done gradually), are left in the hands of their owners, who, however, as regards the working of their business, are under the power of a Council of Workmen's Control, consisting of workers in the establishment. To this Council they have to submit their accounts, and to defer for instructions as to all details of management. These Councils are arranged in the same pyramidal system as the Soviets, and are under the general control of the Soviets in their District.

The disfranchised people are disarmed and kept under close supervision. They are called on to work; when possessed of skill or talent, they are even paid high salaries for their work; but the whole system aims at their gradual extinction. The social services they perform as managers, experts, skilled mechanics, etc., will be gradually brought within the competence of the proletariat through a perfect system of technical and trade education. They will be more or less like the educated Greek slaves in ancient Imperial Rome. Possibly therefore the stories told of the noble Russian ladies employed in the scavenging of the soldiers' barracks may not be mere inventions. They are certainly in the spirit of Lenin. "If you offer resistance to our proletarian revolution [always a plausible accusation!] we shall ruthlessly suppress you; we shall deprive you of your rights; we shall not give you bread . . . as we are Socialists in real earnest, not in a Scheidemann or Kautskian fashion."[1]

More dangerous, however, to the Bolshevik State than this powerful and disaffected subject class will probably be its own extravagantly *simpliste* constitution.

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[1] *The Proletarian Revolution* (Lenin), p. 67.

Even as a machine for the production of life necessities (and without such production no State has a chance of living) the Soviet State is unlikely to work smoothly. No doubt, it is in theory very perfect. Its high centralisation is intended for efficiency, economy, order. A competent authority representative of the people's will, and controlling the coercive power of the State, decides, with the help of experts, what commodities are wanted by the nation, in what quantities, how and by whom they are to be produced, how and by whom distributed Production is to be energetic; iron discipline is to prevail in the factories; there is to be no nonsense-talk of strikes.[1] Workers are to work just as a regimented and disciplined army works at a line of trenches. They are to be fed as an army is fed by a thoroughly organised commissariat. Never was there conceived a scheme which for its success, and even for its existence, so completely assumed that men are machines; never was there a system against which all the stock arguments against State Socialism are so fatally valid. The terrible accounts (suspect in their origin, it is true) which we get of widespread starvation, fleeing population, soaring death-rate in Russian towns are what we might expect from this convict-labour kind of production.

Even if the Soviet State did somehow manage to provide a sufficiency of the necessaries of life, it would not yet have assured its continued existence. Men require, and will fight for, many things besides clothes and bread, and for none more readily than for personal liberty. Now a study of the authentic Soviet sources makes it quite clear that the chains of State officialdom will lie so closely and tightly on the individual citizen that he can never divert his attention from them, never can even imagine himself to be free.

The Dictatorship of the Proletariat, certainly a crime against the liberty of those outside the proletariat,

[1] Lenin: *The State and Revolution*, p. 97. (Allen & Unwin, 1919, 3s.).

is likely to prove a dictatorship *over* the proletariat itself as well. In theory, of course, the proletarians have real freedom, they can change their mind every week and order their representatives to carry out their new commands, recalling them if they object, and each such change is immediately transmitted through the Soviet Congresses right up to the central authority of the Republic. The difference, however, between revocability at will and revocability at intervals of three or five years seems unlikely to ensure that the Soviet State will not be manipulated, as West-European States are, by a bureaucratic class. We must not forget too that the Russian proletarians are not to possess (as a large proportion of the Western peoples possess) economic independence, that is, some amount of private stable property, but are utterly dependent for their daily subsistence on their falling in with the motion of the machine. When, in addition, we reflect that the Russian people is the least well educated in Europe, we cannot but fear that they have exchanged King Log for King Stork.

What is likely to be the personnel of the new bureaucracy? Landau-Aldanov tells us [1] that long before 1914 there existed a whole class in Russia whose profession and livelihood was the preaching and preparation of revolution. These men have now their chance, and will be joined by all the fishers of troubled waters. It is not surprising then that we are told, even by such Socialist writers as Aldanov, that the present manipulators of the Russian Soviet machine are neither the most useful nor the most reputable of the community.

Not merely is it likely that these people, possessing full control over the activities and intimacies of every individual, will inspire disgust and dislike, but they are to exercise their power (Lenin's books are quite straightforward on the point) in a stern and forceful spirit;

[1] *Lénine*, p. 15.

they are to speed up the productive energies of the citizens, and for this purpose they are to rely, not on the proposing of rewards or the exciting of rivalry or the appeal to glory, but on the ready and plentiful employment of coercive measures.[1]

For some time, no doubt, the people, reduced to apathy by four years of semi-starvation and civil turmoil, may not have the moral resilience to revolt, but men would have to be born again to stand such a system indefinitely.

Of course the press and the whole manufacture of public opinion are kept strictly in the hands of the State, and will be used to cajole and frighten the proletariat into submission. On the other hand, the peasantry, who form 85 per cent. of the population and whose support is essential to Lenin's government, are less amenable to press propaganda than town-workers. They talk rather than read, and have clear notions as to what they want. They want above all one thing, land. They have now got it, and are inclined for the moment to be content and thankful. Will they remain so ?

Lenin's land-policy, much more cautious and tentative than his industrial policy, shows that he felt that the peasantry could not be forced, but must be fooled, and, as far as we can judge, he has not yet succeeded in fooling them completely. At first he sided with the Social-Revolutionaries and adopted their land-policy, the giving over of all large estates to the peasants, who were to work them on a communal system. The whole peasant population were in favour of this policy because—as subsequently became clear—it promised them land, not because they had any idea of working the land except as private owners. By giving legal effect to this policy Lenin got the support of the peasants and carried through his " bourgeois " or preliminary revolution. Subsequently, taking advantage of the fact that the richer peasants

[1] Landau-Aldanov : *Lénine*, p. 134 *ff.*

and those who in the scramble had grabbed more than their neighbours were hoarding their corn in the expectation of a counter-revolution, or refused to sell it to the neighbouring towns, Lenin worked up the poorer peasants against these "bourgeois-peasants" and "land exploiters," sent out troops to seize the corn, disfranchised the richer peasants, and thus won over to his side the "peasant proletariat." In November, 1918, his government passed a new Land Law re-dividing land among the poor peasantry. It is true that this Law decrees that the land is to belong to the State, orders an inventory of it, and forbids the hiring of labour, but such provisions do not prevent it from being *de facto* an establishment of peasant proprietorship.[1] That the peasantry will look on this land as their own private property, and will not allow any redistribution or socialising of it, cannot be doubted by anyone who knows what peasant human nature is.

It is, therefore, natural that the peasantry will support the Soviet Government as long as there is any danger of the old land-owners trying to recover their property; when this fear has subsided they will not be likely to stand the constant and heavy levies made on them by the Government. Already, indeed, Marie Spiridovna, a leader of the Social-Revolutionaries, has described their condition as that of "State-slaves."[2]

A delegation from the Russian Co-operative Societies organised outside of Russia was permitted lately (April, 1920) to visit Russia with a view to making arrangements for the exchange of goods with Soviet Russia. In the Report of the Delegation[3] it is stated that already the All-Russian Central Congress of Soviets has very much increased the centralisation of the Soviet system, subordinating local Soviets and economic bodies (such as Co-operative Societies, to which, by the way, every adult in Russia is legally bound to belong) to the central

[1] *The Proletarian Revolution* (Lenin), p. 99 *ff.* [2] John Spargo: *Bolshevism*, p. 309.
[3] *The Times*, April. 23.

authority, nominating presidents and even members of the local and district Soviets. These witnesses are not impartial but, if their testimony be true, it would indicate that the Government finds that even the exiguous democracy of the Soviet system is too strong to allow the Dictatorship to work smoothly. Lenin (as his admiring biographer Zinoviev tells us [1]) was at times of the opinion that the Soviet method was not efficient for his purposes, and that it would have to be discarded for a more naked Dictatorship. Indeed in several places Lenin is at pains to prove that the Dictatorship of the Proletariat is compatible with, nay, often best realised in the dictatorship of a single individual.

As has been said, this Dictatorship of the Proletariat is meant only for the transition period to Marxist State Socialism and, when this consummation is arrived at, will have "withered away." This is a prophecy which cannot be justified by history, for history shows us no case of a dictatorship resigning or "withering away." In any case there appears not the least probability that for years to come the conditions which, according to Lenin, render necessary the Dictatorship will cease to operate. There are, on the other hand, many reasons why we should expect that this Dictatorship, like any other dictatorship in the past, will be forcibly dethroned. When this may happen no man can guess. We must only wait and see. It is perhaps possible to hope that the human nature which Lenin drove out with his doctrinaire fork but which has returned in the form of a peasant proprietorship may gradually bring about a state of society utterly different, indeed, from Lenin's detailed plan, but realising, what he no doubt would admit to be his ultimate object, a true People's State.

L. McKenna.

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[1] *Lénine* (Landau-Aldanov), p. 127.

EURIPIDES THE POLITICIAN.

BY RIGHT HON. WILLIAM J. M. STARKIE, M.A., LITT.D., LL.D.

THE Greeks invented tragedy—so all authorities are agreed—as a department of religious ritual. Aristotle connects it with the worship of the God of Wine; Professor Ridgeway with the cult of the dead. Thus, in origin, it was a solemn function. It began as a song of praise. Æschylus introduced a thin thread of dialogue, and actors—as we see in the *Suppliant Women*—and Sophocles increased their number, and added to the tragic illusion by improving the scenic properties and by providing a suitable *mise en scène*. The religious origin of tragedy is clearly reflected in the works of these great men. A tragedy of Æschylus is an act of worship, and submission, to the will of the Almighty, such as we see in the Book of Job, which may indeed owe something to the early Athenian stage. As in "Job," so in Æschylus, the Ruler of the Universe does not submit to a human interpretation of His Acts. But we are not playthings in His hands to be dealt with for His sport. Rather to the eye of faith, "the gods are just, and of our pleasant vices make instruments to plague us." For the will of God Sophocles substituted the rule of Law, by which he meant not a human ordinance, but the Law of Nature "born in the upper air," and impregnated by the Spirit of God—this is, probably, only a figure of speech. In Euripides, the third great master of tragedy, all is changed. The Hebrew conception of the Divine Will, except in a

cynical interpretation, even the heteronomy of external causation, disappears, and we are suddenly set face to face with the Kantian idea of the autonomy of the Moral Law.

The Greeks lived rapidly, and changes of vision, which have since taken thousands of years to evolve, succeeded each other kaleidoscopically in the space of fifty years. Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, representing ways of thought as wide apart as "Everyman" and "Superman," lived in intimacy, and Sophocles survived long enough to throw flowers on the cenotaph of Euripides, who died at the Court of a foreign "tyrant," having abandoned his native city in disgust at the brutal era of force ushered in by the Peloponnesian War. Most historians, with natural vanity, describe the era of which they treat, as "epoch-making" or as an "age of transition"—we live in one of these ourselves. Time, however, is a river into which, as Heraclitus says, no man can step twice. Every age is an age of transition, and thus marks an epoch. But the most sceptical student must agree that the years that succeeded the Battle of Marathon give a picture in little of the course of the world's history on a wider stage, of which we have not yet reached the final act. In 490 B.C. Athens was a tiny agricultural State, not larger than the County Sligo. As the result of an event which, as in the case of another epoch-making battle, Valmy, authorities no longer consider to have been more than a skirmish, Athens, within twelve years, held in fee the whole civilized world as known to the ancients. This was not due, as in Revolutionary France, to the united effort of a great race. Greece was a chaos of small States, which carried to extremes the spirit of nationality, "fighting like devils for conciliation, and hating each other for the love of God."

Though rapid, the stages of Greek development are well marked. The first great change was the conversion,

introduced by Themistocles and Aristides, of Athens from an agricultural into an industrial State. The soil of Attica was too thin for successful cultivation, and, as was shown in the Persian War, too much exposed to invasion. Themistocles, like Pericles, saw that the city should be converted, as far as possible, into an island-fortress by means of a strong fleet. Corn must be imported in exchange for manufactures. Hence there was an enormous increase in the town population, and a great seaport, the Piraeus, grew up with its nondescript population, and foreign religions, which can find their parallel only in such centres as Port Said in modern times. The worship of wealth quickly succeeded the old-fashioned simplicity. There was no such thing as poverty in old Athens: in the new, there were the "nouveaux riches" and the "nouveaux pauvres" so familiar to us. New ways of thought sprang up. The modern Athenian was not, like his father, a stay-at-home. Like Solon, he went abroad, θεωρίας ἕνεκα, to see the world and returned a man of affairs. The heroes of Marathon were conservative "die-hards.": the modern Athenian, though only ten or fifteen years younger, was a Socialist or Spartacist, who despised the gods as "old-women's gossip," and enthroned as his divinities:

> O Ether, pasture mine, and well-hinged tongue,
> Intelligent wit, and nostrils keen of scent.[1]

Such were what Aristophanes called the "private gods" of Euripides.

Æschylus and Sophocles were men of action. Æschylus fought at Salamis, and Sophocles was a distinguished general. Euripides, so it is said, was born in Aegina on the day of Salamis and was named from the Strait, Euripus, which was the scene of the conflict. In his youth he was an athlete and a musician; but he

[1] Aristoph. *Ran.* 893.

soon abandoned active pursuits for what Aristotle was pleased to call the higher life, "contemplation." It is said that he deserted Athens and was satisfied to study her life from across the ferry, in a cave in Salamis. But he was no hermit, as he was a friend and pupil of Anaxagoras, the heretic, who was exiled and whose books were burnt, because he taught that the moon was not a goddess, but made of stone.

I disregard Athenian gossips, especially of the conservative type, who hated intellect and eccentric people, and cheerfully damned the vices their fellow-countrymen were most inclined to. But there are traces in Euripides of his intellectual tastes, and of his love for quietude, and for so-called peaceful studies which generally ended in a cup of hemlock, "a deadly cold way, which numbs the shins"—but after all more comfortable than the stake and the *auto-da-fe*. Though in no sense a scientist, Euripides, like H. G. Wells, loved to suffuse literature with the gossip of science, sometimes to the destruction of poetical illusion. Shakespeare makes Hector quote Aristotle; Euripides makes Hecuba and Menelaus, Medea and Melanippe, argue like Athenian sophists. But his love of inquiry was genuine. It was no trick to please the public, as in many modern writings. His references to research have the thrill of Lucretius: "Blessed is the man who is master of all inquiry, and does not spur his fellow-citizens to injustice and ruin. Give me the love of science and the contemplation of the origin of things.[1]" Though, like all Athenians, a politician to his finger tips, he had, or thought he had, an aversion from the rough and tumble of public life.

"Leisure is the dearest thing a man has." These words may be held to have a dramatic fitness in the mouth of Ion; but Euripides, unlike Shakespeare, cared little for stage propriety, and speaks through his

[1] Frag. 910.

characters, not in the market place, and in his books taught his fellow-citizens political lessons deeper than those of Demosthenes and Pericles. He looked on poetry as a public function—I speak in despite of Aristophanes' charges in the *Frogs*,—and his *Children of Hercules* and *Suppliant Women* are political pamphlets, as much as the *Knights* or *Wasps* of Aristophanes.

Æschylus and Sophocles, like the Comic poets, did not love the Athenian democracy. They were not aristocrats who sulked and, as the Alcmeonidae, bided their time in order to betray their country to the Persians or Spartans: they were opportunists who, possessing their souls in patience, longed for the good old times, and hoped for their return. Euripides was a democrat, but was keenly alive to the weaknesses of government "with the consent of the governed," and favoured a moderate constitution, such as Athens enjoyed under Pericles, which really was a popular government under the control of a single man.

As he says in a fragment, "folly joined with numbers is a curse.[1] He knows the weaknesses of the people: "The first rush of a people's rage is like ravening fire." "But slacken the sheet, the storm soon is spent."[2] "Fearful is the people's wrath, when evil men its course command"; but, like Wilson, he does not blame the rank and file, but their leaders, for he recognises the high qualities of ordinary men: "ruth and high spirit"—in fact, "the customary mildness" of the people, of which Aristotle speaks. Like the French, Euripides was too wise to believe in the possibility of Liberty; no one, not even the despot, is free; at any rate he is the slave of his passions, of money, fortune, the mob or of the Law's decrees, and cannot show his nose beyond his own palace without a bodyguard. But, like the French again, he thought the chief merit of democracy was *égalité*. "Nature gave men the law of equal rights;

[1] Frag. 200. [2] *Orestes*, 697, 772.

equality knits friends to friends, while inequality ushers in the dawn of hate."[1] Thus the poor, and even slaves, are not excluded from his sympathies.

> But slaves are shamed by one thing alone,
> The name ; in all besides no slave is worse
> Than freeman, so he bears a noble soul.[2]

What then was Euripides' political creed ? It is given in an important passage in the *Suppliant Women.* The voice is the voice of Theseus, but the thought is that of the 5th century B.C.

> Three parts divide a state ; the useless rich
> Who never sated ever lust for more ;
> The lackland poor, with sides lean and unfed,
> Who shoot out baneful stings at those " who have " ;
> A danger to the State, with envy fraught,
> Misled by tongues of evil men, their guides.
> Of these three parts the midmost saves the State,
> Guarding secure the pillar of the Law.[3]

And who are the middle class in which all ages have seen the salvation of the State ? They are portrayed in the *Orestes :*

> Against him then another rose to plead,
> Not fair to look on, but a lion-heart,
> A stranger to the street and market-place,
> A yeoman, sole prop of the tottering State,
> Yet shrewd to grapple in the war of words,
> A true Bayard, stainless, without reproach.[4]

But, as in most modern States, they were powerless against numbers ; and in Athens, where there was no representative system, or even a referendum, and where (as Rousseau wished) personal appearance in the Assembly was required, they were excluded by their occupation from politics, and authority rested with the rabble, who (having no work to do) could devote their whole time

[1] *Ph.* 549. [2] *Ion.* 853. [3] *Suppl.* 238. [4] *Or.* 917.

to listening and talking. Euripides discerned this weakness of the Athenian democracy, and foresaw in it its early destruction. He saw that even *égalité* should mean a fusion of all classes, not the domination of the lowest and most ignorant, led by demagogues " who twist people to their own gain. If mischief is done, they cloak their faults and slip through justice's net. How could the mob pilot the State aright, for time bestows better lessons than haste "[1] ? " You cannot govern the State by means of the poor alone. The rich confer many benefits on the poor. The poor have much the rich require."[2] According to all thinkers, from Æschylus to Aristotle, the link must be respect for the law, of the people's own making. This is the lesson of Plato's *Republic* and the *Politics* of Aristotle, and its disregard has been the corruption of all democracies, ancient and modern, and the catalogue of failures is not yet complete ; nor will it be until there is a change of heart, which no external force, such as a League of Nations, will bring about.

Euripides knew as well as any man the various stages on the road to ruin. The spirit of faction with its consequences, impiety, violence, and the rule of force, was the ruin of ancient States,[3] but most of all, envy. The poison of despotism is flattery, but democracy has its " detestable brood of flatterers," as Euripides calls them :

> Ah me ! detested knaves, out on ye all,
> Who deck with sophistries the evil which
> Your hearts conceive.[4]

A celebrated picture of a demagogue, supposed to be Cleophon, is given in *Orestes* :—

> Thereafter rose up one
> Strong in audacity, of unlocked tongue,
> An interloper, who had stormed the gates,
> Trusting in noise and untaught fluency ;
> A tongue pursuasive but to ruin States.[5]

[1] *Suppl.* 408 seq. [2] *Aeolus* (fr. 21). [3] Frag. 434. [4] *Ion.* 834. [5] *Or.* 903.

Personal corruption is bad enough, but still more dangerous is the political ambition of young and brilliant men :—

> Warped from the path by young unbridled men,
> Who office seek by means of lawless wars,
> Seducers of the State, one to command,
> One to grasp power and strut in insolence,
> And one for lucre's sake, regardless he,
> What mischief to the Commons may accrue.[1]

Such is the threnody of the tragic poets, which some of us may mistrust, as the "irritable brood" are a jealous folk who rarely see much good in their contemporaries. Shakespeare disliked the mob mainly on account of their odour—"the rank-scented many" whose stinking night-caps made Cæsar faint. A similar picture of the Athenian rabble who ruled the State is drawn by Aristophanes. The Governing Assembly's laws are like spiders' webs, made and unmade from day to day. On every provocation the cry is raised, "Is not this monstrous? Is it not patent tyranny?" "At present everything is called tyranny. It has not been heard of for fifty years, but now it is as cheap as stinking mackerel." Indeed, as Cromwell said, the worst tyranny of all might be that of Parliament itself. The Courts were the Palladium of Athenian liberty; and there, if anywhere, the people were supreme, as every Athenian over 30 years of age might sit in them. "What is more blessed than a judge, or more awe-inspiring? As I creep from my bed in early morning I am met by a throng of tall fellows, and the moment they catch sight of me, one of them clasps my hand in his—his hand so soft and delicate, which has dipped deep into the Treasury. They bend their proud tops before me, and soften their voices into a pitiful whine: Pity me, prithee, pity me, if ever, in any office, you did any thieving yourself. Now, they would never have heard of my existence, if I had not acquitted them last year." But, after all, the judges

[1] *Suppl.* 232.

were living in a fool's paradise. The real prizes went to those who say: "I will never desert the Athenian *canaille*." The Assembly was really controlled by the orators in a city in which, as Fénélon said, "tout dépendait du peuple, et le peuple dépendait de la parole."

One of the tragedies of history was the rapid corruption of the Athenian democracy. After the Persian War, which was fought in order "to make the world safe for democracy," Attica was in very truth "a land for heroes." At the battle of Marathon, the gods and heroes were represented in a well-known picture as fighting on the side of Athens; and for once was realised a united Greece "struggling to be free" against Oriental despotism. And for fifty years this ideal was maintained. Cimon, a genial and sincere Pan-Hellene, never abandoned the dream of a reign of peace and development under the political, or at any rate moral, leadership of Athens. Pericles supplanted him, with his catchword of advanced democracy; but he, too, by means of his magnificent constructions, the Acropolis, and its temples, sought to make Athens the religious centre of Hellendom. But that home of reaction, Sparta (the Prussia of the ancient world) and internal faction were too strong for him, and the Peloponnesian War, for which the jealousy of Sparta was responsible, destroyed the hope of civilization, and with it the dreams of enlightened democracy, from which it has never recovered.

The essence of the tragedy was that Sparta was not satisfied with destroying the body of Athens. She destroyed her soul as well. As Thucydides said, Pericles led Athens "in a free spirit." Like an American President, it was a one man's rule, with salutary checks. But the hurricane of war broke his heart and introduced "unbridled democracy," in which liberty was so rotten-ripe that even the lower animals asserted their right of self-determination. As Plato says, a stranger would know when he entered a democracy of this type by the

demeanour of the dogs. The Athenians were naturally an amiable race; in Rénan's words they never ceased to be children. But war and disease soured their tempers. Pericles was thrust aside as being old-fashioned. His place was taken by political pedants, such as Cleon, who treated the difficulties of life as problems in pure mathematics, and who showed an attachment to threadbare political formulae which made him a bore and a radical politician of a distinctly modern type. His successors were worse than himself. The ragged regiment was led by Hyperbolus, the lamp-maker, a blackguard and an alien who was ostracised "because the city was ashamed of him." Next came Epicrates, "bearded like a pard"; Cleonymus, the Falstaff of Aristophanic comedy; Agyrrhius, whose name made one "heave the gorge." Perfection is not to be found in this world; but the Athenian democracy, in its early days, has commanded the admiration of most modern historians, led by Grote. But it is perhaps time to sing a palinode. Those who knew it best had not a good word to say for it. I need only mention Æschylus, Sophocles, the Comic poets, Plato, Xenophon, and highest of all Aristotle. Even Euripides, as we have seen, was alive to its faults. They are best seen in the speech of the Athenian delegates in the first book of Thucydides, and in the Melian dialogue. They speak like Prussian generals. "No one advances pleas of justice when he can employ force." "The powerful exact what they can, and the weak grant what they must." "Of the gods, we believe, and of men we know, that by a law of their nature wherever they can rule they will." In these words we see the Hubris (Arrogance) which, according to Greek ideas, inevitably foreruns the doom of states and individuals. We are not without examples of it in recent times.

This detestable spirit was introduced into Athens by imperial tyranny, and most of all by the war which ruined her, as it has ruined most other democracies.

Democracy is based on law, of which war is the negation. Fresh from Marathon and Salamis Æschylus might naturally say, "Let foreign war come freely here in which shall be a furious passion for fair fame"[1]; but "the battle of the household bird," as he termed it, introduced a reaction and made Euripides' plays very far from being "full of Ares." Nowhere is the poet more modern than in his hatred of war, and of staff-officers with their nodding plumes and martial strut :—

> Hapless mortals,
> Why get ye spears and shed each other's' blood ?
> Enough of this, such fardels lay ye down ;
> And peaceful 'mid the peaceful guard your walls.
> Your life is but a span—enjoy it then,
> While still you may, free from anxieties.[2]
>
> If Peace rests on th' arbitrament of blood,
> Strife between towns shall never know surcease.[3]

His yearning for peace reminds one of Aristophanes :—

> O Peace of deep-delved wealth, of all the gods
> Most blest and fair ! Why tarriest thou so ?
> My heart aches lest the snows of age may come,
> Ere thy fair face shall dawn ; thy bands with flowers
> Bedecked, O Queen, to Athens come away,
> Drive out the spirit of faction, and the strife
> Of militarists and their whetted steel.[4]

But he was no conscientious objector, or lover of peace-at-any-price. What moved him was suffering humanity. He even extolled the noble wreaths that are the guerdon of the daring who face danger, the danger that begets glorious courage.

War is the greatest of all crimes, but it may be forced on one by the duty of self-defence :—

> Brave sons be mine, not marble effigies,
> A mother's weeping, when her son goes forth,
> Bateth the edge of others' eagerness.

[1] Eum. 840. [2] *Suppl.* 949. [3] *Helen* 1155. [4] *Cres.* (frag. 453).

Hateful is she who chooses that her son
Should live than seek fair fame in the jaws o' death.
Take ye my children, friends; by them have sway,
At the cost of a single life, I'll save the State.
If all, as I do, loved you, you should dwell
At ease, unburdened by the ills we bear.[1]

Neither was he an *embusqué* :—

Out on these cowardly home-keeping ways,
That some should fight, some cravens skulk at home.[2]

Euripides anticipated the Stoic idea of the brotherhood of man. As Diogenes said of him, he was a citizen of the world : " the whole world is the brave man's fatherland."[3]

This is the modern idea that wisdom knows no boundaries, which is foreshadowed by the poet :

The good man, though he dwells in the world's end :
Tho' ne'er I see him, yet I count him friend.

Thus, there are traces in Euripides, as in Socrates, of cosmopolitanism, which was quite new, as in general to the Greeks all foreigners were barbarians. But the times were adverse to such a concept. The whole world was in the throes of an internecine war, and Euripides did not escape from the general hatred. Thus his detestation of Spartan militarism is openly declared. Sparta has no merits except with the spear.

If spear-renown
And battle-fame were lost to Sparta's sons,
In all else, know, ye'd be the worst of men.[4]

In the *Andromache*, Menelaus is the typical Spartan who carried perfidy to the point of cynicism. Like the Prussian, he was an advocate of cruelty for reasons of State :—

Dwellers in Sparta, parliaments of guile,
Monarchs of lies, O warp and mint of ills,
O crooked hearts, who harbour devious thoughts,
Unjust is your good fortune throughout Greece.[5]

[1] *Erecth.* (Frag. 360). [2] *Heraclidae* 700. [3] Frag. 1047.
[4] *Androm.* 726. [5] *Ibid.* 445.

There is nothing new under the sun. Communism and Socialism are modern words ; but the ideas are not new. The equality of the sexes, marriage and children, capital and labour, the undying war between poor and rich, were discussed by the keen Athenian intellects with a zest only equalled in modern times. The problem of the position of woman did not emerge until the Peloponnesian War was drawing to a close. For war, as we know too well, inevitably breaks all ancient moulds. After the time of Homer, who sang of a pre-Greek civilisation, the Greek woman, except in Sparta, lived in Oriental retirement where she saw little of her husband, and associated almost entirely with very young children and slaves. Even in the sceptical age of Pericles, whose views as to the relation of the sexes had been revolutionised by a certain fair stranger from Miletus, the condition of the respectable married woman may be summed up in the words of his funeral oration in Thucydides : " If I am bound to touch also upon the virtue of women, I will make my meaning clear in one brief reminder : Your credit will be great if you do not fall below your natures, and if among men your names are rarely mentioned either in the way of praise or blame." Euripides was reputed to be austere, a hater of laughter, and a hater of women. Later gossip attributed his death to their hands. And passages may be quoted from his plays to support his low opinion of the sex.

> False-minted bane of man,
> Crave ye a proof that woman is a curse ?
> The father who begat puts her away,
> Nay, adds a dower to rid him his annoy :
> While he who takes the viper to his heart,
> Rejoices, decking with fair properties
> The loathly form, and tricks her out with robes.[1]

But these are dramatic touches, suited to the characters

[1] *Hipp.* 617.

Polymestor and Hippolytus who had been unfortunate in their relations with the fair sex. It is undeniable that the poet was not what we should call a suffragette. He took the old view that woman's place was in the home; and that all her interests, as a woman says in the *Suppliant Women*, should be managed by man. With St. Paul he held that silence was the glory of the sex. But he did not adopt the usual low estimate of her moral capacity: I need only refer to Polyxena, Macaria, and Alcestis, three of the noblest and most pathetic figures in history. In numberless passages he shows a sympathy with women, unparalleled in literature, until Shakespeare's time. Medea, an oriental barbarian, and a woman of a very un-Greek type, speaks undramatically thus:—

> Soothly, of all things fraught with life and wit,
> We women are the most ill-starred plant.
> Who first must buy, out-bidding with our gold,
> Slave-like, a husband, our own body's lord.
> What deeper shame than this could mind conceive?
> Here too is cast of dice—to get a lord
> Evil or good. Divorce jumps not with honour
> For women; nor can we refuse a spouse.[1]

Euripides does not accept the convention that there should be a different law of morality for men and women:—

> Frailty thy name is woman—So say I;
> But when, this being assumed, the husband sins,
> Bed-swerver to his bride, and she disowned
> Would mimic him, and find another love,
> Then fierce the beacon-light of scandal flames.[2]

The cause of woman's ill-fame has been that the gift of literary expression had been denied to her, and that it had been left to man to analyse her character. No doubt the discreet Penelope was famous, but this may be

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[1] *Med.* 230. [2] *Elect.* 1034.

explained by the fact, if it is a fact, that the Odyssey was written by a woman, as Butler argues.

If women had the gift of song, they would have lifted their voices in answer to the song of men, and the old-time story would cease of the treason of woman.[1] Women might turn the tables on the lawless race of men, and spit upon them the venom-lays to which they had long been compelled to listen.

Euripides was wise enough to see that women themselves are part-causes of their own misfortunes, by their disloyalty to each other :—

> For womankind the bruit of scandal loves,
> Give them but slight occasion for ill words,
> More they devise. A kind of joy they find
> In saying nothing wholesome of their sex.[2]

In all ages women have found alleviation of their lot in self-development. Roman history is not without examples of such cultivated women from the Mother of the Gracchi down, and learned women were the brightest spirits of the Renascence, until religious fanaticism engendered by the Reformation introduced barbarism into the intellectual world. But the Greek woman had no such solace—education was treated as the domain of man alone. One of Euripides' characters prays that his wife may be an ignoramus, that so he may have peace. A man in Aristophanes abuses his wife because she asks him for news of the war. Another woman asks : " Where are the sons that we sent to your battlefields ? "

> Nay, but it isn't the same with a man :
> Grey may he be when he comes from the battle-field,
> Still if he wishes to marry he can ;
> Brief is the spring and the flower of our womanhood,
> Once let it slip and it comes not again :
> Sit as we may with our spells and our auguries
> Never a husband will marry us then.[3]

[1] *Med.* 400 seq. [2] *Phoen.* 298. [3] Rogers.

It is a question whether Euripides held the common view as to the education of women. From some passages it would seem that he disliked the modern habit of women dropping their veils and mixing in the common life of Athens, as they were led to do by the moral laxity introduced by the war. Thus he attacks the modern woman, under the guise of a Spartan :—

> Howe'er she may desire,
> A girl of Sparta never could be chaste ;
> They leave their homes, and gad about with men,
> With robes ungirdled and undraped thighs ;
> Wrestle and race in common, things to me
> Accursed. Why then should you be surprised
> That you so fail to train them to be chaste [1] ?

But culture has its dangers. Even in men unprofitable lore excited in Athens suspicions, as being something superior to the herd. The fate of the brilliant and charming Aspasia was a warning to ambitious souls. Her learned friendship with Pericles was fatal both to him and to herself. Medea, undramatically, represents her unpopularity as being caused by her "wisdom." But Euripides was no believer in the cult of ignorance as being the straight road back to the simplicity and innocence, supposed to have existed in the Golden Age. His true watchword may be represented by "educate our masters." He was a genuine champion of culture, in accordance with the Greek idea that no one sins willingly.

> The man's a boor. The wise should pray to strive
> With wise men, not untutored insolence.
> Thus justice linked with mercy you will find.[2]

Essentially, he agreed with Socrates that the virtue of man and woman is identical. This point of view is

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[1] *Androm.* 595. [2] *Heraclidae* 458.

prominent in Aristophanes, who always shows himself *au courant* with the most recent theories of the schools. Thus Praxagora exhibits her bill "for the putting down of men" on the very rational ground which has not yet lost its validity, that men have hitherto made a sad mess of their government of the world, and that their political acts are like "the ravings of drunkards." "Women have no less an interest in the country than men, so I am sore at heart when I watch the city's plight. For the political leaders are invariably scoundrels: even granting that he may show merit for a single day, he is a blackguard for ten."

Hence she proposes that the government should be committed to women on the ground that it is the only plan which has never been tried.

I have briefly touched upon a subject on which many volumes might be written. It has been the habit of German scholars, slavishly followed by the English, to decry Euripides in comparison with his predecessors. But, as Goethe once said, if a wretched pedant thinks himself bound to discover flaws in such a master, he should do so on bended knees. To Aristotle he was the "most tragic" of all poets, and the poets have always done him justice. He was a thinker, and an actor as well; for he studied, as no other Greek did, the abysmal depths of the human heart—as Plutarch said, he was learned in "the knowledge of political maladies." And he lived at a time when the greatest civilisation the world has ever seen reached its meridian and sank to decay and final ruin. Such a *floraison* was destined by its nature to be, like a garden of Adonis, of short life; its foundations were not laid deep, and were unsound; but its fall was brought about by the greatest of all wars. Greece never recovered from the moral depravity and financial ruin caused by a war of twenty-seven years. Greek morality collapsed, and a reign of selfishness, greed, and denial of the moral law succeeded.

We know the causes of this tragedy, as we know no other, from the works of Thucydides, who indeed wrote his history after the model of a Greek tragedy, with its inevitable *péripétie*. It is the history of "Hubris" and its fatal consequences.

Let those of us who are without sin cast the first stone at the Greeks. We have lived for 1900 years under a Christian dispensation, but let the student of ancient and modern history be sincere, and tell us whether the heart of man has changed. War is a folly as well as a crime; it is not only an outrage on humanity, but it corrupts the heart as well. We learn from history that all democracies have owed their downfall to war: and those wars have been caused by a disregard of law and self-sacrifice, the only true foundation of democratic rule, without which it is a worse tyranny than that of any single man. The recent war was entered on by the *Entente* in order to set a coping-stone on the monument of liberty. But liberty no longer exists. Rather are we overwhelmed by the downfall of our extolled civilisation, which events have proved to have been erected upon shifting sands. Without an uplifting of heart, the League of Nations will not save us; for, as a Frenchman has said, in this "tout est beau, tout est grand—mais on meurt dans votre air."

Modern discontent is due, not to autocracy, or militarism, or the narrowness of the franchise, or the absence of liberty, but to the failure of democratic reformers to do more than create formulas, which the public find to be unsatisfying food, as even Euripides saw. The struggle of the future may not be for liberty, but between Democracy and Social Reform, or Bolshevism, if one likes to call it so. The cure of our evils lies not in persisting in ancient paths, but in the lesson which is as old as Hesiod, that without justice and self-sacrifice the world is a chaos in which no Power will ever say: "Let there be light."

W. J. M. Starkie.

TWO BISHOPS OF KILLALOE AND IRISH FREEDOM.

John O'Molony II.—(1617-1702).

BY JAMES HOGAN.

IN the March issue of *Studies* (p. 73) I wrote : " Paris was becoming more and more the Mecca for the persecuted Irish. Since the days of Hugh O'Neill the Irish, when hard pressed, had invariably sought an alliance with England's most inveterate enemy on the Continent. Their first choice was Spain ; but the glories of Spain had gradually declined for half a century, and the star of France was now in the ascendant. Consequently an alliance with France became the goal of Irish endeavours down to 1691, and it is because the two O'Molonys, uncle and nephew, played an important part in this drama that I have selected their careers for special study. Whether the subject of the present article [the uncle] clearly foresaw that goal or was only an unconscious actor in the drama, the reader must judge for himself. It is a debatable question, because the real *dénouement* took place long after his death."

The real *dénouement*, as will be shown in the course of the following articles, took place during the lifetime of the nephew, John O'Molony II. He was both a conscious and a principal actor in the various attempts to negotiate a Franco-Irish *entente*—with the ultimate aim of an independent Ireland. But as I wish to give a rounded picture of this great Irishman, I must dwell at some length on his early career.

Bishop O'Molony, the subject of the previous article, had a brother, Thomas, who married Anne MacMahon of Clonderalaw, Co. Clare. The MacMahons belonged to a well-known Irish clan, and were connected with Lord Clare. There were two sons of the marriage, James and John. The latter, with whom we are concerned, was born in 1617.[1] During their infancy the two children lived with their parents at Kilbogownan, Co. Clare. But we have no authentic information about their home or early life until John, at the age of thirteen, is taken into the household of his uncle, the Bishop of Killaloe. It is quite possible that he was then an orphan; for I have failed to discover any mention of his father or mother.

Some account of the half monastic establishment of the Bishop has already been given. It was not unsuited for the training of a boy studious and reserved in temperament. Indeed there is good reason to believe that John, under the direction of his uncle, made considerable progress, especially in his classical studies; for in later life he wrote fluent and sonorous Latin. But he soon exhausted the academic resources of Killaloe, and the question of his future career became urgent.

The only career then open to an Irishman in Ireland was the Church. If he wished to become a soldier, he had to seek foreign service or carry on a reign of terror as an outlaw on the hills. All O'Molony's inclinations were towards a life of affairs; he was a born diplomatist and administrator. Undoubtedly there was a deep fund of religious feeling in his nature; but his subsequent career will reveal a statesman of whom any nation might be proud. To be a civil administrator, however, was then out of the question, and so O'Molony became a priest—and a very worthy priest.

He was ordained in 1642 by John De Burgo, Bishop of Clonfert,[2] and in the autumn of that year left Ireland

[1] Burke's *Landed Gentry*.

[2] Lynch: *De Praesulibus Hiberniae*.

to pursue his studies in the University of Paris. France was just then about to enter on the golden age of Louis XIV. Richelieu died in December, 1642, bequeathing to his successor, Mazarin, the political legacy of a France transformed by him from a decentralised and feudal state into a centralised and absolute monarchy. On May 14, 1643, Louis XIII. died, and was succeeded by Louis XIV., then a child not five years old, but destined to make his country the greatest power in Europe—greatest in the arts of peace and war. Some idea of the intellectual and political hegemony of France, during the age which was then opening, may be gathered from the names of the illustrious men who helped to write its history. There were the great poets Corneille, Racine, Molière and La Fontaine; the great orators Bossuet, Bourdaloue and Massillon; the great philosophers Descartes, Pascal and Malebranche; the great painters Poussin, Claude Lorrain and Lebrun; the great soldiers Turenne, Condé and Luxembourg; the great statesmen Mazarin, Colbert and Louvois. The silent influence which such a galaxy must have exercised on the mind of O'Molony, during his long sojourn in France, can be more easily imagined than described. But, as we shall see, he was not a mere spectator of the intellectual and political life of Paris; he took an active part in more than one great movement, and was intimately associated with more than one great leader.

In 1642, therefore, O'Molony entered the University of Paris. Since the days of Charlemagne Irishmen had taught in the schools of Paris—witness the great names of Clemens,[1] Eriugena and Duns Scotus. But it was after the suppression of the monastic schools and the proscription of Catholic teachers that they began to come in great numbers in search of learning. "Behold," says one satirist, "the hordes of Irish who have come to Paris to live on controversies and masses." Another describes

[1] See Lanigan (iii. pp. 207-219) for some interesting facts about Clemens and his appointment by Charlemagne to teach "boys not only of the highest noblesse but also of the middling and low ranks of society."

"the floods of Irish barbarians invading the city and pouring through the gates."[1] Fugitives from a war-ridden and persecuted country, the Irish may have presented a sorry and uncouth appearance; but they soon won a commanding position in the University. In my previous article I pointed out that the Faculty of Arts was divided into four "Nations"—France (*Natio Honoranda*), Picardy (*Natio Fidelissima*), Normandy (*Natio Veneranda*), and Germany (*Natio Constantissima*). I also pointed out that the heads of these Nations were styled Procurators or Proctors. Now *Le Registre des conclusions de la nation d'Allemagne*, which is still preserved in the Bibliothèque de l'Université, reveals the fact that, between 1630 and 1660, the Irish had a practical monopoly of the office of Procurator. Also, for nearly the entire seventeenth century "at least one of the royal chairs of theology"[2] was filled by an Irishman; and Irishmen, almost without a break down to the French Revolution, professed philosophy in one or other of the Constituent Colleges.

All this shows that O'Molony, however unsophisticated he may have been on his arrival in Paris, must have had plenty of friends to help him. He entered the Faculty of Arts as a member of the German Nation; but he was soon declared fit for the Faculty of Theology, and from this he finally graduated with the Degree of D.D. Lynch waxes eloquent over the unusual brilliancy of O'Molony's academic career, which (he tells us[3]) won for him the personal friendship of certain great churchmen and nobles in France. At a later period we shall find O'Molony on intimate terms with the great minister Colbert; but the friend to whom he seems to have owed most was Francis Harlay, Archbishop of Rouen, and later (1671) Archbishop of Paris.

These remarks take us down to the years 1648-1650,

[1] Bellesheim: *Geschichte der Katholischen Kirche in Irland*, iii. p. 714.
[2] Boyle: *Irish College* (Paris.) [3] *De Praesulibus Hiberniae.*

when France was pre-occupied with the Fronde Insurrection and Ireland with the Cromwellian Campaign. Father Tyrrell, who had acted as Procurator of the German Nation in 1633, was the Irish representative of the Confederation in Paris. It was he who conducted negotiations for the Nuncio (Rinuccini) at the French Court. There is every reason to believe that O'Molony was in the confidence of Tyrrell, and that he learnt from him the Nuncio's plans, which aimed at the establishment of Irish autonomy through the assistance of some continental power—plans which he himself would make a valiant attempt, at a later date, to carry out. He certainly kept himself informed of Irish events, and (whether delegated or not) assumed the duty of reporting to the Holy See, as the following extracts[1] will show :—

Nihil nisi triste et plusquam triste referre possum, quae causa fuit silentii mei per ultimum ordinarium. Aut Deus nobis irascitur, quos tantarum miseriarum spectatores esse permittit, aut servis suis favet qui rapti sunt ne malitia mutaret intellectum eorum. Perdidimus omnes fere nostros Machabaeos nec spes est ulla salutis nisi Deus suscitare velit filios Abrahae ex lapidibus istis.

Parisiis, 5 Augusti, 1650.

Deploranda magis in dies occurrunt ex infelici Hibernia ; mox completa erit miseria ejus. Ex quo dedi postremas ad D.V. Illmam. appulit in portum novum apud Haure de Grâce in Gallia navicula quaedam ex Duncanan, quae refert Waterfordiam et Duncanan traditas fuisse parlamento . . . non dubito quin etiam Limericum idem iter suscipiet brevi. D. Hugo O'Neill profectus est Ultoniam, ut sublevaret obsessum castellum de Charlemont ; quid adhuc factum, nescitur.

Parisiis, 9 Septembris, 1650.

De Hibernia referunt paucos superstites pro sui defensione totis viribus et conatu undique hosti resistere, ut dent vires omnibus sequentibus : omnium princeps strenuissimus et zelosissimus est Moriartus O'Bryen, quem existimo D.V. Illmae notum; cum semper contra omnes tentationes et adversitates fortiter et generose religionis tutoribus adhaesisset, dignus est valde qui sacris vestris precibus commendatur, ut quemadmodum optime incoeperit, et hucusq. perfecerit, sic semper perseveret..

Parisiis, 28 Febr., 1653.

[1] For full text see *Spicilegium Ossoriense*, i. pp. 346, 353, 394.

This closes for the moment O'Molony's connection with the political struggle in Ireland. But before he wrote the last letter he had already become involved in a struggle of quite another character, the Jansenist controversy. In 1640 *Augustinus*, the famous work of Cornelius Jansen, Bishop of Ypres, was published in Louvain. Though Urban VIII. had condemned the work in 1642, and though the Archbishop of Paris had formally proscribed it in 1644, it still continued to be propagated on the pretext that no definite thesis had been singled out for censure. At this stage (1649) Dr. Cornet, Syndic of the Sorbonne, determined to bring the controversy to an end. He extracted five propositions from the *Augustinus* and submitted them to the Sorbonne for judgment. This body, forbidden by the *Parlement* of Paris to pursue the examination, transmitted the propositions to the general assembly of the clergy in 1650. The general assembly, however, decided that the matter should be referred to Rome. The controversy continued to rage, and the Irish now resolved to enter the lists. In Jourdain's *Histoire de l'Université de Paris* [1] we read :—

> In the month of February [1651] a report spread abroad that a number of priests belonging to the Irish College had met in the College of Navarre, in the apartment of one of their nation, Fr. Poerus (Power), professor of philosophy in that College, and that they were preparing to issue a public declaration against the five propositions attributed to the Bishop of Ypres. They had been urged to this step by external influence, and especially by the advice of an ecclesiastic, who was then called Mr. Vincent, but whom the Church was one day to honour under the name of Vincent de Paul.

Jourdain goes on to relate how the Rector of the University, Jean Courtin, formally forbade the Irish to assemble or to pronounce doctrinal sentence on any subject whatsoever in future. When this injunction

[1] Vol. i., p. 182.

arrived, twenty-six of the Irish Masters were present. They were to sign on the same day a declaration in which they "professed their entire submission to the decrees of the Ecumenical Councils, especially to those of the Council of Trent, as well as to the censures pronounced by the Holy See against Baius, Jansen, and their adherents." They also solemnly declared that they would avoid any teaching that savoured of heresy, and especially the five aforementioned propositions. The names of all who subscribed to this declaration were appended, the sixth name being that of John O'Molony.[1]

A copy of the declaration was sent to Vincent de Paul; it was also published throughout the city. Jean Courtin, finding his authority thus disregarded, summoned the Irish Graduates before him, and after an inquiry a decree was issued from the University Tribunal, stating "that for several months the Irish had held meetings in the College of the Bons Enfants under the presidency of a priest of Congregation of the Mission; that, in spite of a formal prohibition, they had held a meeting and published a declaration on a doctrinal subject; that this conduct was subversive of discipline, and their declaration contrary to the laws of the realm and the liberties of the Gallican Church."

The allusion to Gallican liberties is the key to the attitude of this tribunal, which more than any other body in the University was open to the charge of Gallicanism, and which really only represented the Faculty of Arts. Consequently the Irish appealed to the Faculty of Theology, and maintained that they had acted within their rights and that the sentence of the University Tribunal was illegal. The University Tribunal thereupon published a statement in its own defence—*Mémoire apologétique pour les Recteur, Doyens, Procureurs et Suppôts de l'Université de Paris contre l'entreprise de quelques Hibernois, la plupart étudiants à l'Université.* To

[1] Boyle: *Irish College;* Jourdain, *op. cit.*, p. 182.

this the Irish replied by a document in which the hand of Molony is visible. In March the Faculty of Theology and the *Parlement* of Paris delivered judgment in favour of the Irish. They decided that the sentence of the University Tribunal should not be enforced. The Irish had scored a complete victory. On May 31st, 1653, Innocent X. formally condemned the five propositions extracted from the *Augustinus*, thus vindicating the judgment of the Irish.[1]

But the struggle between the Irish and Jansenists was not yet at an end. In the year 1651 there was an unusual muster of Irishmen at the University, and they were candidates for many of the official posts. It happened that a Scotchman (Alexander Pendric) and an Irishman (Roger O'Moloy) were competitors for the rank of Dean of the Nation. Pendric claimed the dignity as Senior Master, and Moloy as Senior Master Regent. The Rector, in accordance with the Statutes, adjudicated in favour of O'Moloy; and Pendric, to all appearances, accepted the decision. But he was sorely mortified by the defeat and resolved to make the Irish regret their victory. He had knowledge of a secret league which John O'Molony had organised among the Irish, and this he denounced to the German Nation over which he presided as Procurator. Instantly Jansenists, Gallicanists, satirists, lampooners—all who had any kind of grudge against the Irish—rushed to attack them. The principal object of attack was the Irish Covenant, the authorship of which was at the time unknown; though suspicion fell on O'Molony. The Covenant read as follows:—[2]

1. It was agreed and determined among the said Irish Masters that, as often as any of them shall have a matter in dispute with any English, Scotch, or Continental Master in the said nation, all the other Irish Masters shall support such suit with their votes

[1] It is interesting to note that one of the Roman Consultors appointed to examine and report on the five propositions was the famous Irishman, Luke Wadding. The substance of his report is given in Henrion's *Histoire de l'Eglise*, vol. ix., pp. 45-48.

[2] *Registre des conclusions de la nation d'Allemagne*, No. 26, pp. 385-391.

and influence, provided that it shall appear right and just to the majority of them, nor shall any of them abstain from giving his vote.

2. It was agreed that, as often as any of ours shall petition for his own personal advantage, or for the general advantage of all the Masters, either present or future, all shall be bound to support this petition by their votes, provided such petition shall seem to the majority just and right.

3. It was agreed among the said Irish Masters that all shall unanimously by their votes resist, as far as in them lies, the making of Statutes which may be prejudicial to Irish Masters at present existing, or who shall hereafter exist in the said nation, and they shall use every effort to effect the abrogation of statutes previously made containing such prejudice.

4. The said Masters agreed that should any suit arise concerning the general good of all present and future, all shall be bound to contribute towards the expenses necessary to prosecute the suit.

5. If any contention or suit shall arise among any of the Irish Masters, it shall be lawful for the others to act as their conscience shall dictate.

6. Should anything in the affairs of the said nation appear to be really injurious to an Irishman or our successors, all and each shall be bound to give notice to the Senior Master for the time being, and he shall be bound to summon the others as soon as possible to deliberate on that question. All shall be bound to attend, and should anyone be legitimately hindered he shall be bound to give his proxy to some one of those present whom he shall name.

7. No present or future member of the nation shall benefit by this agreement unless he subscribe to the terms of it, nor shall any of the subscribers be bound in any circumstances to support a non-subscriber by his vote.

To these articles the undersigned unanimously subscribed and promised to keep their agreement secret.

At the meeting of the nation after Pendric's revelations Master Cornelius MacNamara complained of the publication of the document as a libel on the Irish.[1] But already the University had appointed delegates to investigate the affair; and before long the Irish Masters were called before the Procurator-Fiscal of the University. They were questioned as to the authorship of the document, whether they had signed it, and whether they

[1] *Registre des conclusions de la nation d'Allemagne*, No. 28, Liber Procuratorum.

subscribed to its contents. Master John O'Molony judiciously replied that he could not answer until he had taken advice. Many other Masters deposed that they did not know the author of the document, and some disapproved of its contents. Nicholas Power declared that he approved of its substance but not of its form.[1] As the examination on oath did not reveal the author of the document, the commission urged the Rector of the University to advise the Irish to live in harmony with the other nations and to repudiate the document.

From the handwriting John O'Molony had all along been suspected of being the author. On further inquiry he owned to the authorship and expressed his readiness, under the changed circumstances, to withdraw it. But if he had thus to moderate his means of defence and attack, the scheme had not failed in its object. Henceforth the Irish were treated with care and courtesy.

During these years O'Molony had been drawing the revenues of a canonry of Rouen,[2] to which his friend Archbishop Harlay had attached him; but he does not appear to have become resident in that city till the autumn of 1667. Compared with his fellow exiles, O'Molony was wealthy. Besides the revenues from Rouen he seems to have possessed private property in Ireland—presumably the bequest of his uncle, the late Bishop of Killaloe. With these funds he came to the assistance of the Irish who were then crowding into Paris, driven from their homes by the Cromwellian plantations.[3] For laymen he procured civil or military employment.[4] In particular he exerted himself on behalf of the young Irish priests and clerics. He wished at all costs to send

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[1] *Registre des conclusions de la nation d'Allemagne*, Nos. 28, 30.

[2] *De Praesulibus Hiberniae.* [3] *Ibid.*

[4] Irish regiments commanded by Irish officers—Colonels Dillon, Murtagh O'Brien, Byrne, Taaffe and others—played an important part in the Fronde War (1648–1653) and later. They are frequently cited for distinguished service in the *Lettres de Mazarin* (vols. i.–vii. *passim*). In 1656 Col. Dillon was granted a yearly pension of 3,000 livres.

back to Ireland priests whose lives would be an example and an encouragement to the people. But the lack of a common dwelling-place was a serious difficulty. Without it the students were scattered up and down the city, and apt to take infection from the stray germs of Jansenism or Gallicanism. His first remedy was to make arrangements for the accommodation of Irish students in the College of St. Barbara. But this was no final solution of the difficulty, and he must have now for the first time conceived the idea of founding a great Irish College, which thirty years later he actually accomplished. He was more or less the Principal of the College of St. Sulpice for three years, and Lynch[1] states that the young Irish priests who were trained during his administration proved, thanks to his fine personal example, a credit to their country.

For some time Paris had become the favourite haunt of most of the rogues, ex-soldiers and ex-galleymen in France. Indeed almost everybody who had nothing but his wits in the way of worldly possessions used to come to Paris to push his fortune, so that the city became the resort of an immense floating population. The policing arrangements, which were of the most erratic character, did not deter these adventurers from doing just as they pleased. Then there was the underworld of the sewers, a miserably poor and semi-stationary class of beings, whose morality was not above reproach. Vincent de Paul had laboured and preached in this quarter for long; and his efforts, thanks to the marvellous sweetness and simplicity of his nature, had met with no small measure of success. Most of the worst forms of vice were derived from the soldiery, and these O'Molony now took in hand.[2] He went constantly into their quarters and preached to them. After a time his tact and kindness won their hearts, so that he could interfere even in the midst

[1] *De Praesulibus Hiberniae.* [2] *Ibid.*

of their drinking bouts and was a kind of privileged peacemaker in their brawls. Finally, he had a special Mass instituted for them, which they fairly regularly attended.[1]

There is reason to believe that O'Molony and St. Vincent de Paul often met and co-operated in this work of charity, as they had already co-operated in fighting Jansenism, and as they would co-operate at a later date in founding an Irish seminary in Paris.[2] There is certainly no lack of evidence that St. Vincent interested himself in the Irish and their sorely oppressed country. For instance, in 1646 he sent eight members of his congregation into Ireland. An account of the remarkable success which crowned the labours of these heroic men—20,000 communions in the city of Limerick alone—is given in Rohrbacher's *Histoire de l'Eglise*.[3] But though he had the faith that moves mountains and had accomplished great things by spiritual arms, Vincent de Paul did not think a remedy for Ireland's ills could be found in these alone. And so he approached the great minister Richelieu. Here is his own account of the interview :—

> Je fus un jour chargé de prier monsieur le cardinal de Richelieu d'assister la pauvre Hibernie ; c'était du temps que l'Angleterre avait la guerre avec son roi ; ce qu' ayant fait : " Ah ! Monsieur Vincent, me dit-il, le roi a trop d'affaires pour le pouvoir faire." Je lui dis que le Pape le seconderait et qu' il offrait cent mille écus. " Cent mille écus ! répliqua-t-il, ce n'est rien pour une armée ; il faut tant de soldats, tant d'équipages, tant d'armes et tant de convois partout ! C'est une grande machine qui ne se remue que malaisément."[4]

We have now come to the year 1659. In that year the Masters of the University honoured O'Molony by appointing him Procurator of the German Nation. In accordance with the Statutes, he held office for four months, participated in the administration of the

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[1] *De Praesulibus Hiberniae.* Vol. xiii., p. 238.

[2] Boyle : *Irish College* (Paris).

[3] Rohrbacher : *op. cit.*, p. 240.

University, and at the end presented a report. It was his duty to write and sign the minutes of the German Nation. To these minutes he added an account of a relative named David O'Molony, a Carmelite friar, who fell into the hands of the Cromwellians.

> This priest [writes O'Molony] was an object of implacable hatred to the Cromwellians, and so was condemned to death. He was chained, and on his way to the place of execution he did not cease to exhort the people to remain steadfast in the Catholic faith; but Almighty God, out of the inscrutable depths of His wisdom, deigned to snatch him from the Cromwellians. He escaped to France, and came thither to the Mother University. He was afterwards appointed parish priest of St. Pierre de Chagny in the diocese of Lugon.[1]

From other sources we can supplement and confirm O'Molony's account.[2] David O'Molony was Archdeacon of Killaloe, and was arrested in Limerick in 1653. He was led out to execution on January 1, 1654, but was reprieved at the last moment by the Governor. From him and other refugees John O'Molony must have heard the terrible story of Cromwell in Ireland.

That story, I believe, marks a turning-point in the career of this great Irishman. Henceforth he becomes the brains-carrier of a vast movement to liberate Ireland from British domination. He recognised, however, that such a revolution could not be accomplished without the intervention of some continental power; and such intervention could not be obtained without very considerable influence. But O'Molony had not passed twenty years to no purpose in Paris; he was acquainted with many in high places. We have the testimony of Archbishop Plunket that he was "a great friend of the Archbishop of Paris[3] and of the Ambassador of the King

[1] *Registre des conclusions de la nation d'Allemagne*, No. 30.

[2] Boyle: *Irish College* (Paris), p. 19; Book of Irish Martyrs (Documents recently prepared for the cause of Beatification), p. 229.

[3] For an account of this Archbishop (Harlay), whose influence was very great, see the *Catholic Encyclopedia*.

of France in London."[1] But was he acquainted with the real ruler of France, the great minister Colbert? Here again we have the testimony of Archbishop Plunket, who wrote to the Holy See (March 14, 1672): "He is a great friend of Colbert, the first Minister of State."[1]

Governments, however, in the seventeenth no more than in the twentieth century did not undertake crusades to vindicate the rights of Small Nations. If Colbert was to intervene on behalf of Ireland, the enterprise must fit in with his foreign policy and promise material advantages to France. He was essentially a man of business. His great ambition was to make France economically prosperous; but, as he conceived the total volume of European commerce to be a fixed quantity, the wealth of France could only grow at the expense of other nations.

> What one nation gained, he concluded, another must lose; the idea of the fraternity of nations found no place in his scheme of thought. He was anxious that France should win from other nations the commerce which they at present possessed. Commerce with him was divided from war by its methods rather than by its spirit or its objects. The greatness of France, he declared on one occasion, was proved not merely by its own flourishing condition but by the poverty and general distress to which it had reduced its neighbours.[2]

Now the two great commercial rivals of France at this period were England and Holland. If France is to become rich, these must become correspondingly poor. If France is to develop great industries and produce goods beyond her own capacity to consume, she must have foreign markets. But free access to foreign markets means freedom of the seas, and freedom of the seas meant then as now a superior fleet with command of strategic points. The strategic position of Ireland did not escape the attention of Colbert no more than it escapes the attention of modern statesmen.

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[1] Letter quoted in Cardinal Moran's *Memoir of Oliver Plunket*, 2nd Ed., p. 128.

[2] *Cambridge Modern History*, vol. v., p. 6.

We have no information at our disposal to fix the date at which Colbert introduced the Irish to Louis XIV. But we have Louis's own words to vouch for the accuracy of the statement that during the years 1662-1665 they were in communication with him. "He was in correspondence," he admits, "with agents of the Irish Catholics, who, always discontented with their lot, were even prepared to join any enterprise which may render it more supportable."[1] We have further corroboration of this and the additional piece of information that it was Irish ecclesiastics resident in Paris who were charged with these negotiations. They offered to make an alliance with France if Louis would help Ireland to recover her liberty.[2]

We must now leave France for the moment, because unfortunately the doors of its secret history are closed to us, and betake ourselves to Ireland. For the next few years we may assume that the Irish in Paris headed by O'Molony, as will eventually be shown, were busy in arranging the terms of the alliance and in preparing a French force to be landed in Ireland. By 1665 rumours began to circulate in English quarters in Ireland to the effect that the French were on the point of invading Ireland with an army of twenty thousand men. Parliament called attention to this dangerous development in December, and the English authorities began to grow decidedly uneasy.[3] Ormond, the wily governor of Ireland, was on the alert. He knew that Irish affairs were never far from an explosion; all through his eventful life he had kept his eyes and ears wide open, leaving nothing to chance. Probably the first intimation of trouble was a general restlessness in Ireland and the appearance of Franco-Irish agents, whose movements could not long

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[1] *Œuvres de Louis XIV.*, vol. ii., p. 103.
[2] Guérin: *Histoire Maritime de France*, vol. iii., p. 71.
[3] *Gazettes*, December 26 and 28, 1665 (Irish Parliament).

escape the notice of the Government. Ormond's biographer, Carte, alluding to these events, says that the kingdom was in a very dangerous state, being exposed to the attempts "of secret and open enemies," "the uneasy circumstances of the people in general emboldening the disaffected to form designs for insurrections and encouraging these hostile powers to favour their measures and support them with succours."[1] This is an unmistakable reference to the Franco-Irish project.

Ormond forthwith set himself with patience and persistency to reach the root of these designs. Ireland was already more than sufficiently supplied with spies. But on the other hand the state of things at the French Court required investigation, and so in the year 1665 Ormond dispatched Captain Arthur and Captain James Archer to France with the object of ascertaining the extent of Irish intrigue at the Court.[2] He also sent Friar Taafe as soon as he could be spared from the important business of creating friction amongst the Irish clergy. This renegade had been one of the chief advocates of the Remonstrance, and indeed was Peter Walsh's right-hand man. We shall meet him again.[3]

It now behoves us to delineate, as far as our scanty information will allow, the main lineaments of the conspiracy in Paris. We are in a position to mention some of its essential promoters from the Sheridan MSS., which became accessible in 1916.[4] It happened that Dr. Smith, Superior of Montague College, in whose keeping O'Molony had left his private papers, revealed to Sheridan their contents, and in particular the secret history of 1666. O'Molony was the moving spirit of the whole enterprise; but he had as his partners in the work such well-known

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[1] Carte: *Life of Ormond*, vol. iv., pp. 245-246. [2] *Ibid.*

[3] For some account of Taafe and Walsh see *Memoir of Oliver Plunket* (Moran), p. 3, and *History of the Catholic Church from the Renaissance to the French Revolution* (MacCaffrey), vol. ii., p. 415.

[4] *Calendar of Stuart Papers*, vol. vi., p. 62.

Irishmen "as Col. O'Reilly, Col. Mortagh O'Brien, Col. Burn and others."[1] We have already quoted a letter of O'Molony (1653) in which he bestowed the highest praise on the bravery and tenacity of Col. O'Brien. Edmund O'Reilly, Archbishop of Armagh, and Nicholas French, Bishop of Ferns, were also members of the conspiracy. And to these we may add Dr. Andrew Lynch, Bishop of Kilfenora, one of the most daring men of his time. This prelate was entrusted with the delicate and dangerous business of passing to and from Ireland.

The plans were simple and feasible. First, Ireland was to be organised; each parish was to be a secret unit of revolution, and these units were to combine in wider circles, which on the signal for rebellion would spring to action and would wrap Ireland in a running flame of revolt. Simultaneously the French fleet would appear on the coasts and land an army of about twenty-five thousand men. There would be no shortage of arms or ammunition, and before England was properly awake the country would be in the hands of the revolutionaries. It was a scheme well calculated to succeed—provided, however, that France kept her promise of men and ammunition and that England did not forestall the arrangements in Ireland. Secrecy was, therefore, an essential condition of success; but already, as we have seen, the spies of Ormond were on their way to France.

The English spies managed to procure, directly or indirectly, information at the French Court, which they forwarded to Ormond in the spring of 1666. Writing from Dublin, he says: "Besides what may be apprehended from abroad, I am very confident some mischievous design is in contrivance here, many circumstances and some direct intelligence leading me to that belief. I will send particulars soon."[2] We may take it as certain that Captains Archer and Arthur were successfully worming their way to the heart of the Irish effort in Paris; for from

[1] *Ibid*, p. 62. [2] *Calendar of State Papers* (1666-69), p. 51.

the spring of 1666 the English Government in Ireland began to grow more and more uneasy. During May and June Ormond received information which appears to have convinced him that an invasion was close at hand. He frequently mentions Captain Archer in his letters to Arlington, and finally makes the confession: "We are preparing for Monsieur de Beaufort's invasion."[1] Some weeks later he informs Arlington "that French, Bishop of Ferns, is in Ireland."[2] Reports of an unusually definite and authentic character must have reached him soon after from France; for he makes haste to acquaint the Secretary of State "that there are fifteen thousand soldiers drawn into the Isle of Rhé and about Rochelle, which are designed for Ireland." We have no information authoritative enough to clear up the discrepancies in regard to the size of the French invading force. If we struck a mean between fifteen and twenty-five thousand we should probably come near the truth.

With Ireland burning with the sense of fresh and intolerable wrongs, with many centres charged with the spirit of rebellion and ready to start into movement at the first signal, with the first military power in Europe pledged to the cause—rarely had the prospects of liberation looked brighter for Ireland. But nothing fluctuates like secret enterprises, the basis of which is necessarily shifting and insecure. The coalition of two forces, which had always been a danger to the Irish project, now brought it to ruin. Louis XIV. changed his policy and withdrew most of his support from the Irish cause. Charles II. and his Government in Ireland were warned of the conspiracy, and were prepared to meet it. The two conditions necessary to Irish success had therefore failed. But what mattered most was the transformation in Louis's Irish policy, and this had been the result of his altered European policy. Louis

[1] *Ibid.*, p. 206. [2] *Ibid.*, p. 220.

himself was a born militarist, but so far his dreams of conquest had been kept under control by the cold logic of Colbert—"cet homme de marbre," as Gui Patin calls him. Another statesman, however, was gradually winning ascendancy over the mind of the young king. This was Louvois, Minister of War. If Colbert organised peace, Louvois organised war. He made the army an efficient and dangerous instrument in the hands of an ambitious autocrat. It was not allowed to rust. On September 17, 1665, Philip IV. of Spain died. Louis XIV., who had repeatedly claimed the Spanish Netherlands in virtue of his marriage with the eldest surviving daughter of Philip's first marriage, now decided to settle the matter by the sword. To round off his territory at the expense of a decadent power like Spain was more attractive than the problematical overthrow of a powerful commercial rival by a military alliance with Ireland. All through 1666 Louis was preparing for an invasion of the Spanish Netherlands, and a part of this preparation was an attempt to secure the neutrality of England.[1] Under these circumstances he could not officially countenance the organisation of an expeditionary force for Ireland.

However, kings and ministers have a way of withholding official support whilst granting or supporting it secretly. Certainly the Irish in France continued to organise an expeditionary force, and they had the full co-operation of Admiral de Beaufort, cousin of Louis XIV. But the chequered story of this enterprise must await a further article.

JAMES HOGAN.

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[1] Louis secured this neutrality on March 31, 1667, by a secret treaty with Charles II.

WAR'S DISILLUSIONMENT.

BY VIRGINIA M. CRAWFORD.

Henri Barbusse: *Le Feu* (Flammarion).
Clarté (Flammarion).
Georges Duhamel: *Vie des Martyrs* (Mercure de France).
Civilisation (Mercure de France).
Siegfried Sassoon: *War Poems* (Sidgwick and Jackson).

THE stream of patriotic and militarist literature that has flooded the world during the last five years seems at length to be running dry. Europe is slowly returning, we may hope, to sanity and reason, and men are beginning to see war as it really is, in all its hideous consequences. To-day we are far indeed from the mood in which Rupert Brooke, writing his soul-stirring 1914 sonnets, knew that he was interpreting the mind of his country. Millions since then have "poured out the red sweet wine of youth," and poured it out largely in vain, and the war that was to end war has sown the seeds of innumerable wars to come. One by one the young men of letters who have fought and suffered have taken up their pens once more, and the attitude of some at least of them is totally different from that of the older men who, staying at home, deemed it their duty to place their talents at the service of their Government for the propaganda of hate and misrepresentation by which the war spirit of the Allied nations has been maintained. One has sorrowfully to admit that they merely fed the public with the stuff that the vociferous majority clamoured for. Other voices were silenced for

the time. The fate of Romain Rolland in France was not calculated to encourage the expression of detached views on contemporary events. The current of public opinion ran too deep and strong for any save the most valiant to attempt to stem it. Yet it remains a bitter disappointment to many that the forces on which we mainly depended—the writers, the professors, the journalists—to guide and instruct public opinion should, in all countries, whether German or Allied, have been content to voice the passions of the crowd. It is Gabriele D'Annunzio, unhappily, who best typifies the spirit that has prevailed among our elder *littérateurs* throughout the war.

One of the first voices in France to dare to strike another note and to refrain from representing the killing of Germans as a glorious and patriotic form of sport, was the journalist, Henri Barbusse, a man verging towards middle life, who had not made any remarkable name for himself before the war save perhaps by his singularly outspoken novel "L'Enfer." In common with many young writers it was in the first instance as a poet, and in this case one may add as the son-in-law of a poet—for his wife is a daughter of Catulle Mendès—that Barbusse appealed to the public with a volume of verse, "Pleureuses" (1895), a title which announces a work mainly of sentiment and tenderness and regrets. These youthful verses, which secured to the author inclusion in the attractive anthology, "Poètes d'Aujourd'hui" (Mercure de France), are fluent, musical and full of sensibility. But perhaps the chief interest they have for us to-day lies in the amazing contrast they offer to the books which have made M. Barbusse's great reputation.

"Le Feu" and "Clarté" are both dated from the later years of the war, the former being the immediate outcome of a twelvemonth's experience in the trenches. In form it is the journal of a squad, and is dedicated to

the memory of the men who fell beside the author on Hill 119. It has become of the very essence of M. Barbusse's attitude towards his art that he should deal with the realities of life without subterfuge or palliation. We have first to see life as it really is; then only may we hope to perceive the idealism that underlies it and to learn the lessons it should teach us. Over and above the literary skill displayed, there pervades M. Barbusse's pages an uncompromising atmosphere of truth by which no reader can fail to be impressed. With the opening page of "Le Feu" we are led straight into the life of trench warfare with all its hideous conditions: the mud, the smells, the vermin, the ghastly crowding up of defiled humanity in narrow, confined spaces, the appalling ennui of the dreary hours of enforced idleness enlivened only by the facetious, slangy banter of the men, by fits of sudden merriment or equally sudden quarrels and by the arrival of food, desperately longed for and hastily devoured. Yet the physical misery of it all is not the worst; it lies rather in the stupefying soul-killing effect that this animal life exerts on the men themselves. "At the beginning of it," says Tirette, one of the squad, "I used to think about a heap of things; now I don't think any more." "Nor I, nor I," join in his comrades. All one can do, they agree, is to take the life as it comes, day by day. As long as the Boche is in the trenches in front of them they know they have to hold on at all costs—more than that, as the corporal reminds them, they have no need to know. They have got to do as they are told, until they are told to go away.

This, evidently, is the credo of the men who, a year and a half ago, left all the corners of the land to mass themselves on the frontier: Give up trying to understand, and give up trying to be yourself. Hope that you will not die, and fight for life as well as you can.

The only relief is when the battalion is resting in the sunshine of some village in the rear, when, if it is in luck's

way, some semblance of normal human existence becomes temporarily possible. And there is the blessed moment when the post-orderly arrives with letters: then for a short space the men are almost sentimental, and as they crouch in the mud and scribble their answers on their knees, they reveal the most and the best of their true selves.

Humour of a grim sort there is in abundance in these tragic pages. The men boast to each other of their thefts and destructiveness, of the wonderful mess-cook who always had wood for his fire, even when, as at Soissons, it meant burning a violin or the mahogany furniture of the billet. And the hens and rabbits "borrowed" from folk you had never seen and would never see again! Then there is the incongruity of their own appearance, caked in mud and swathed in any queer garment they can lay their hands on, a constant source of chaff among themselves. They have bitter jibes for the *embusqués* in soft jobs behind, for supposed shirkers of every rank, for trench visitors, journalists and such like with their trivial curiosity and patronising comments. Their hatred of the German officer is intense and shows itself in savage ways, but the common soldier they are ready to accept kindly as a man much like themselves.

The inevitable tragedies of warfare defile before the reader: the shooting at dawn of a young soldier who had funked the first line trenches, an episode that strikes terror in the hearts of his comrades; the long lines of corpses awaiting burial by the roadside in every state of mutilation and decomposition; the appalling discovery of the rotten corpse of Eudoxie, a female camp-follower, by the man who had loved her in vain from a distance; and, in more pathetic vein, Peterloo's visit to his native village wiped out of existence in No Man's Land, and his secret expedition to Lens in occupied territory to find his wife smiling in the face of the German sergeant billeted upon her. Yet the author dwells less on individual horrors than on the daily persistent horror to which

modern warfare condemns every individual combatant. All the first half of the book shows us the squad either resting, or in reserve, or in the second line trenches, and yet the picture is lugubrious enough. The later chapters, describing the actual battle-field, are a crescendo of horror impossible to summarise. Only in the closing pages, in the disjointed talk of the exhausted survivors gathered in a corner of the battle-field, does the author indicate that the one hope for the future lies in the dawning understanding of the soldiers themselves of the task that governments impose upon them. When they really understand they will refuse the task. It is a consoling feature of this terrible narrative that M. Barbusse is able to show how man's human dignity is able to survive the most ghastly experiences. There is a fine passage, worth quoting, describing the French soldier in the moment of going "over the top."

> They are not soldiers, they are men. They are not adventurers, or warriors, or made for human slaughter, neither butchers nor cattle. They are labourers and artizans whom one recognises in their uniforms. They are civilians uprooted, and they are ready. They await the signal for death or murder; but you may see, looking at their faces between the vertical gleams of their bayonets that they are simply men. . . It is in full consciousness, as in full health and full strength, that they are massed there to hurl themselves once more into that sort of madman's part imposed on all men by the madness of the human race. One sees the thought and the fear and the farewell that there is in their silence, their stillness, in the mask of tranquillity which unnaturally grips their faces. They are not the kind of hero one thinks of; but their sacrifice has greater worth than they who have not seen them will ever be able to understand.

"Le Feu" gives us then a presentment of war as it really is, pourtrayed with an artistic power so akin to genius that it has evoked admiration in and compelled assent from the most unlikely quarters. Thus the book obtained the official recognition of the Prix Goncourt. It is said that it is the one book about the war that

French soldiers are ready to accept as a truthful presentment, with the result that it has reached the enormous circulation of over 300,000. Remembering the intensity of militarist feeling in France, we must credit M. Barbusse with no little courage. Lest his readers should remain blind to his essential message he prefaced the volume with a "Vision" of war as seen by the patients from the detached heights of an Alpine sanatorium, a vision which closes with the following pregnant phrase :

> But the thirty million slaves, hurled upon one another in the mud of war by guilt and error, uplift their human faces and reveal at last a bourgeoning Will. The future is in the hands of these slaves, and it is clearly certain that the alliance to be cemented some day by those whose number and whose misery alike are infinite will transform the old world.

"Clarté" in a measure shows how this "old world" is in process of being transformed. It presents a picture of French industrial life, of the effect of war upon it, and of the "light" that war may bring to men's minds. The impression conveyed of pre-war existence in and around the great factory where Simon Paulin, who relates his life story, was employed as a clerk is melancholy beyond words. It is life beaten down to a dead level of dreary prolonged labour and sordid pleasures. A nominal acceptance of religion does little to lift it to a more spiritual plane. It is described, not as Zola would have described it, blind to all save its materialism, but seen through the eyes of one who has an immense pity for frail humanity. Thus even Brisbille the foul-mouthed, drinking Anarchist, is shown as the one person in the little town with a conscious outlook on a wider, nobler life. The drinking, the industrial unrest, the Socialist propaganda all become symptoms of the general discontent with a life whose narrow pettiness is almost intolerable. Simon marries a good and gentle girl, and they love each other in an instinctive uncomprehending way : but married life soon fails to satisfy their ill-defined aspirations.

When mobilisation is ordered, Simon is swept up into the vast war-machine in a momentary fit of patriotic enthusiasm which cools down rapidly in the dreary seclusion of barrack life. It is a striking proof of M. Barbusse's fertility of brain that this second war book is no whit behind the first in vigour and impressiveness. A whole series of fresh impressions—keen, tragic and pitiful—flow from his pen. There is a French retreat before an overwhelming wave of German soldiers, the *poilus* mystified and miserable under a sense of bad leadership. In the temporary upsetting of plans that ensues all suffer terribly, and the sense of appalling weariness is brought to a climax. But everything—pain, fatigue, cold, disgust—has to be endured in stolid silence, for man has become a mere machine with no individuality left; he is swept onward by mighty forces far beyond his control. In the counter attack Simon is struck down, and some of the finest pages in the book describe the night on the battle-field among the dead and wounded. In his delirium of pain all the fundamental problems of life surge up and clamour for solution: *De profundis clamavi.*

Simon's return home from the hospital heralds a fresh phase of his life. Marie is kind and sad, but husband and wife live apart from one another. Simon has lost his faith in everything: in God, in patriotism, in the existing social order, in the opinions expressed all around him—more especially concerning the war. He attends a great patriotic fête, and his soul is filled with anger. He longs to cry aloud to the complacent orators that the only memory worth keeping of the days they have endured is one of disgusting horror and madness. To him the rich and powerful appear as the enemies and conquerors of the poor. Behind their smiles and fine words he sees only cupidity and cruelty. And the great multitude of the people—ignorant, stupid, ill-fed—fill him with an overwhelming pity.

Little by little light dawns on his tortured soul. He realises that the essential is to seek truth at all costs; to cast off the shams and humbug of our present social system; to refuse to be satisfied with half-truths; to condemn militarism root and branch; to understand that the barriers set by patriotism are often narrow and selfish, and that all true ideals must be international; to understand, finally, that women are in the fullest sense the equals of men and that there can be no true liberty that is not shared by them. And when Simon has worked out his new faith—that truth is more beautiful than illusion—in all its implications, he is able once more to confide in Marie and finds in her a loving and understanding companion with whom, in frank comradeship, he can enter on his new way of life.

In France, more perhaps than elsewhere, the "intellectuals" are apt to stand aloof from popular movements. But Henri Barbusse has emerged from the war filled with propagandist zeal for the convictions borne in on him by the world conflict, and in his latest book "La Lueur dans l'Abîme," the publication of which has been delayed by labour troubles, will be found developed still further the arguments of "Clarté." But he has done more than write. He has become a leading spirit in the formation in Paris of a new international group known, out of compliment to his novel, as "Clarté," a group which is avowedly anti-militarist and preaches the intellectual solidarity of nations and the social equality of all citizens, men and women alike. How far "Clarté," to which a number of well-known men of letters have subscribed—Anatole France, Georg Brandès, Stephen Zweig, Bernard Shaw and so forth—will be able to exert a real influence on popular opinion in France it is impossible as yet to say. The young society is full of energy and is carrying on active propaganda work. One may certainly hope that it will be able in some measure to counteract the excessive militarist spirit

which rules in France to-day, a spirit—inspired at once by vindictiveness towards a conquered foe and a nervous dread of future attack—which, however ready we may be to make allowances for it, represents an appalling danger to the future peace of Europe. Hatred can only beget hatred, and no peace can be built up on a basis of revenge.

Among the co-founders of "Clarté" is a young writer, hitherto little known outside of France, Georges Duhamel. An early volume of poems, "Compagnon" and a critical study of Paul Claudel are probably the best known of his pre-war writings. Judging from internal evidence drawn both from his "Vie des Martyrs" (reviewed in *Studies*, Dec., 1917) and the more recent "Civilisation," Duhamel's military service was spent as hospital orderly. And he is obsessed by the vision of maimed and mutilated humanity, by the terrible legacy of disease and physical infirmity that the war has laid on his brave compatriots. The little hospital sketches, of which both volumes consist, are written with a pathos so tender and so delicate that they bring tears to one's eyes. The "Vie des Martyrs" is a prose poem of pity, instinct with a passionate admiration for the patient and long suffering *poilu*. No other sentiment finds place there. But into the later "Civilisation" there has crept a more critical, even a mocking spirit. The old pity, at once poignant and gay, is still there; but the author sees more clearly the cruelty of the military machine. The vanity of officials, the red-tape futilities, the lives carelessly sacrificed to official blunders are among his themes. There is a sickening description of the periodic examination of the "unfit," to which men, physically afflicted, were callously subjected time after time, in the hope that here and there a few shirkers might still be discovered to serve as cannon fodder. And in the haunting story of Lieutenant Dauche we have the tragedy of sudden insanity as the after result of an apparently trivial wound to the head. In a final chapter Duhamel sums up his

conviction, born of the war, that civilisation in Europe has come to mean the scientific destruction of life on a previously unimagined scale on the one hand, and on the other the lavish and scientific and costly effort to lessen the suffering and bring back to health the men who have been reared and trained and offered up to military ambition. And he asserts emphatically that such a civilisation is false, and that it is only on a basis of "love one another" and "render good for evil," texts preached among us in vain for two thousand years, that any true civilisation can be built up.

If we look for the nearest counterpart in England to the after-war mood of Barbusse and Duhamel, I think we find it, not in a novelist, but in a poet. Already the Clarté group has its English section, and among its founders is Siegfried Sassoon, surely the most powerful and original of our younger war poets. His outlook on war is curiously similar to that of M. Barbusse, a quotation from whose writings he has placed as a foreword to his collected War Poems. Like Duhamel he also feels the infinite pathos of the *mutilés*—the permanently injured—as in the poignant lines: "Does it matter losing your legs? . . . ." and the wonderful sense of comradeship bred in the trenches: "Love drives me back to grope with them through hell."

But his soul has also been roused to a savage bitterness by the levity and callousness of popular militarist sentiment so sedulously nurtured by the press:

> I'd like to see a Tank come down the stalls,
> Lurching to rag-time tunes, or "Home, sweet Home"—
> And there'd be no more jokes in music-halls
> To mock the riddled corpses round Bapaume.

In another poem he denounces

> You smug-faced crowds with kindling eye
> Who cheer when soldier lads march by.

And with brilliant biting satire he portrays "the fathers" discussing their fighting sons as they sit "snug

at the club" and the futilities of the women watching the return of the heroes :

> They *must* feel sad to know they can't win any more
> Great Victories. . . .

Certainly Siegfried Sassoon, with whatever prepossessions he entered the war, has come out of it completely disillusioned. To him it is "the hell where youth and laughter go," and there is no compensation for the misery it entails. A very similar conviction is manifested by Sir Philip Gibbs in his latest book, the first he has been able to write untrammelled by the Censor, "The Realities of War."

Unhappily poets in England only appeal to a very limited audience, and the largest dose of disillusionment to which the British public has been subjected was probably contained in Mr. Maynard Keynes' masterly study of "The Economic Consequences of the Peace." With the clap-trap oratory of war-time still ringing in our ears, he revealed to us, at first hand, the real forces that were dictating the peace terms to Germany, and the hollowness of the Allied pretensions. His clear reasoned narrative came as a douche of cold water to those vindictive optimists who still professed to believe it possible to wring enormous indemnities out of a starving Germany. Few books in recent years have made so profound an impression ; indeed it may be said to have marked a turning-point in public opinion, for since its publication there has been a distinct calming down of the more aggressive elements and some signs at least of a return to sanity and common sense in regard to our future relations with the Central Powers. It is Mr. Keynes' exposition of the economic position of Europe that will form the basis of that revision of the peace terms which every thinking man now admits to be inevitable. And it is only in a speedy revision that there lies any hope of peace for the world.

VIRGINIA M. CRAWFORD.

SPIRITUALISM AND ITS DANGERS.

BY HERBERT THURSTON, S.J.

Part III.[1]

WHEN we come to discuss the results of spiritualism in its effects upon health and character, we find ourselves upon rather more difficult ground. In the presence of any concrete example of mental, moral or physical decay it can always be argued, with more or less of plausibility, that the end would have been the same if the spiritualist in question had been a Catholic or a Buddhist, a student of abstract philosophy or a labourer in the fields. None the less all but the crudest type of determinists will admit that environment and self-discipline have everything to do with the development of those tendencies to good and evil, implanted, though in varying measure, in every son of man. We are all in some sense both potential villains and potential saints; and the same principle holds in the physical order. What I am contending for is that, so far as we can appeal to the experience of the past seventy years, the atmosphere of spiritualism has proved thoroughly unhealthy. It develops morbid tendencies and checks the invigorating reaction of common sense. There is, I think, no evidence to show that those who have identified themselves with it have become better men or better citizens; while there is on the other hand a good deal which suggests that the belief in spiritual

[1] For Parts I. and II. see issues of Sept. and Dec., 1919.

intercourse has often made them cranks or faddists, even when the deterioration has stopped short of complete mental decay. Statistics are lacking which would allow us to assert that spiritualism is filling our lunatic asylums. Most of the wild statements which have sometimes been made are no doubt silly exaggerations, and can only do harm, but no thoughtful person will make light of the warning uttered not long since by the Medical Superintendent of the most important institution of the kind in Scotland, the Morningside Asylum at Edinburgh :—

> I find it necessary [wrote Dr. G. M. Robertson, in his Annual Report for 1916] at this time, as the result of several cases that have come under my care, to utter a note of warning to those who are seeking consolation in their sorrows by practical experiments in the domain of spiritualism. I do not profess to pass any judgment on spiritualism itself, although I have been interested in it for thirty years. I recognise that it is a difficult subject worthy of patient and unbiassed enquiry by competent investigators. I do not, however, consider that those who are unversed in normal, and particularly in morbid psychology, are qualified investigators, and, least of all, that those who are wishing and longing for and unconsciously expecting certain manifestations from friends they have lost, make reliable observers.

The writer's moderation of tone will not fail to attract attention. Then, after characterizing the gift of mediums "as being, if not morbid, at least closely related to the morbid," he goes on :

> I desire to warn those who may possibly inherit a latent tendency to nervous disorders to have nothing to do with practical inquiries of a spiritualistic nature, lest they should waken this dormant proclivity to hallucination within their brains. I have known such a person who had lost her son, following the procedure in vogue at present, under advice, first hearing of him through mediums, then getting into touch with him herself and receiving messages from him, some as impressions and others as audible words, then increasing her circle of spiritual acquaintances and living more for her spiritual world than for this, to the neglect of her husband and household, till finally God conversed with her in a low musical voice at all times, and confided His plans for the

future to her. I would ask spiritualists where in this case does spiritualism end and mental disorder begin? Do they overlap? Do they coexist? Or is there such a state as disordered mental function at all? Or is it that spiritualism was wholly absent from the case[1]?

Almost every physician and priest in populous centres will have come across similar examples, as I have done myself, though happily the mischief does not always go so far as to involve the complete overthrow of reason.[2] Dr. Robertson's warning merits the more confidence because he is evidently alive to the danger of over-statement. He proceeds to point out that for those who are in the early stages of mental derangement spiritualism has a great fascination, but that though it may retard their recovery it cannot, of course, be regarded in this case as the direct cause of insanity.

It hardly needs saying that the mediums themselves are more exposed to danger physically and morally than any other persons. The sad history of the two youngest Fox children, who are rightly described as the Founders of modern Spiritualism, ought surely to afford much matter for reflection to all who are disposed to regard the movement as a new revelation from on high. In 1848 Margaretta and Katie Fox, then aged respectively 15 and 12, were living with their father and mother at Hydesville, Mayne County, New York. Strange noises had begun to be heard in the house, and one night, the two children being in bed and their mother present in the room, these unaccountable rappings were replied to by the children, who challenged the unknown presence to answer questions, and eventually to spell out names by knocking at the right letters when they called the

[1] I quote this at second hand from Dr. Charles Mercier, *Spiritualism and Sir Oliver Lodge*. Preface, pp. vii. and viii. Dr. G. M. Robertson's original report is inaccessible to me, though I have read a summary of it in the *British Medical Journal*, which also quotes part of the above passage.

[2] Dr. Marcel Viollet in his little book, *Spiritism and Insanity* (Eng. Trans.), Lond., 1910, fully bears out Dr. Robertson's statement, and he quotes in his foot-notes some remarkable cases. See *e.g.* pp. 54 seq. and pp. 75 seq.

alphabet. It is indisputable that the great wave of modern spiritualism took its rise from these humble beginnings. Further manifestations, particularly in the form of the movement of tables and the appearance of spirit lights, soon followed. The two girls were in great request as mediums and the craze spread with extraordinary rapidity to every part of the United States, and shortly afterwards to Europe. Forty years later the same two sisters, both of them then elderly widows and known as Mrs. Margaret Fox Kane and Mrs. Kate Fox Jencken, appeared upon the platform of one of the largest halls in New York to denounce spiritualism as an imposture. Mrs. Kane, amid great excitement, read a statement to the following effect :—

> That I have been chiefly instrumental in perpetrating the fraud of spiritualism upon a too confiding public, most of you doubtless know.
>
> The greatest sorrow in my life has been that this is true, and though it has come late in my day, I am now prepared to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help me God ! . . .
>
> I am here to-night as one of the founders of spiritualism to denounce it as an absolute falsehood from beginning to end, as the flimsiest of superstitions, the most wicked blasphemy known to the world.[1]

She then removed her shoes and with her feet on a little table, to act as a sounding board, produced a storm of raps audible throughout the hall. A committee of doctors standing by attested that this was effected by the cracking of her toe-joints. Although this confession was afterwards retracted by both the sisters, no one who studies the whole evidence can doubt that the admission of imposture was at least partially true.[2] This trick of

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[1] R. B. Davenport, *The Deathblow to Spiritualism*, New York, 1888, p. 76. There can be no doubt about the facts. I have verified them in the contemporary issues of the *New York Herald* and the *New York Daily Tribune*.

[2] I have dealt with the whole history in some detail in an article in *The Month*, February, 1920.

producing raps by cracking the toes was learned by the Fox children at an early age, and in their career as professional mediums they had recourse to it when genuine manifestations were not forthcoming. In later life, both the sisters had become confirmed inebriates, and they both died of drink within five years of the New York confession. An additionally sad feature in the story is the fact that in 1858 Margaretta (Mrs. Kane), after the death of her husband, the Arctic explorer, had been received into the Catholic Church and under this influence had for ten years renounced spiritualism altogether.

Now the lesson, of course, of this pitiful tale lies not in the fraudulent character of spiritualism, but in the moral degeneracy of its founders. Is it conceivable that anything which deserves to be called a new revelation from heaven can have been made known to the world through such channels? Mr. James Burns, who was a leader among the "Progressive" (*i.e.*, non-Christian) spiritualists, and who as writer, editor and publisher, exercised great influence among his fellow believers, was very frank in his comments after Mrs. Kane's death.

> Here [he says] we have a wonderfold two-fold spiritual spectacle; we have a woman giving spiritual manifestations to others, while within herself she is spiritually lost and misdirected. All moral sense and control of mind and desire were gone. . .
>
> But when the medium makes a trade of it and puffs the thing up as a commodity for sale, then farewell to all that might elevate or instruct in the subject. . . . Under such circumstances, and with drunkenness, sensuality and moral abasement of all kinds added, is it any wonder that this kind of thing has covered the cause with scandals and left a heap of festering corpses along the course of these forty-five years[1]?

Mr. Burns, in spite of his ardour in the cause, could hardly be described as enthusiastic in his appreciation of the moral effects which had followed in the track of spiritualism. But the same scandals had marked every

[1] James Burns in *The Medium and Daybreak*, April 28, 1893, p. 258.

stage of the movement from the very commencement. As early as the year 1852, a reader, apparently a personage of some standing, addressed a letter to the editor of the *Spiritual Telegraph* declaring that he was at a loss "to reconcile the known character of some of the mediums with the intelligence of the spirits who are alleged to communicate through such questionable channels." In two leading articles (June 12 and 19) the editor replied to this criticism, not by denying the facts, but by making light of them. Very often, he urged, a man of high attainments is forced to employ unsuitable means in the accomplishment of his designs. When we engage a courier to be the bearer of important dispatches "we are accustomed to regard his fleetness rather than his high-toned morality, and it would be a most fastidious piety which stops to inquire into the morals of the post-boy, before it will read a message from a long-absent friend." After which he remarks: "That some of them [the mediums] are of doubtful authority and questionable morals, we deem it no heresy to believe. But it was always so." And he thereupon refers to Balaam and other characters in the Old Testament.

It would not be easy to exaggerate the lamentations constantly appearing in all journals devoted to spiritualism over the depravity and lack of principle so frequently exhibited by the mediumistic fraternity. Here is a frank admission taken from a leading article in *The Spiritualist* newspaper in 1875:—

The celebrated Neapolitan medium, Sapia Padalino [1] (*sic*) took to bad courses under the rule of evil spirits, nor up to the latest accounts from Signor Damiani which were published in this journal were her best friends able to save her. Two American mediums of great power, who visited England some years ago, and who could get marvellous manifestations when they were held hand and foot, forged two cheques for a large amount before they left

[1] This is, of course, the famous Eusapia Palladino, whose name in the early stages of her career seems to have been differently spelt. She was then (1875) about 20 years old.

this country, and at times seemed scarcely to have any consciousness whether they were telling the truth or the reverse. . . . Among the lower order of physical mediums also are some who have made desperate attempts to ruin each other by the deliberate invention and circulation of the most atrocious scandals about each other; indeed if all that is known upon these subjects could be brought together and printed in one volume a depth of depravity would be revealed which is simply appalling.[1]

Now this, be it remembered, is not the verdict of a hostile critic, but it represents the sober judgment of an apologist in a responsible position, writing for his fellow believers. Neither is there any lack of confirmatory evidence. No man probably ever possessed a wider personal acquaintance with spiritualism in every part of the world than A. Aksakoff, an investigator whose financial and social position placed him beyond the suspicion of any sort of interested motive. His great work, *Animism and Spiritism*, is often described as a classic for all students of the subject, and he never wavered in his belief in the reality of some, at least, of the phenomena he spent his life in studying.

But Aksakoff's opinion of the trustworthiness of mediums and their controls seems steadily to have declined as years passed by. As Mr. P. Solovovo tells us in an obituary notice of Aksakoff in the *Journal of the Society for Psychical Research:* "in answer to a question from me as to the part played by the 'spirits' in this admixture of possible fraud and supposed truth—Aksakoff rather vehemently expressed as to the moral standard of the 'spirits' ideas which I was astonished to hear from him.[2]" Mrs. Sidgwick, the widow of Professor Henry Sidgwick, both of them among the pillars of psychical research in Great Britain, sums up the matter in these words: "Almost every medium who has been prominently before the public has at some

[1] *The Spiritualist*, June 25, 1875, p. 302.

[2] *Journal S.P.R.*, xi., p. 48 (1903); and *cf.* his article on "Reincarnation" in *The Spiritualist*, 13th Aug., 1875, p. 74.

time or other been detected in fraud, or what cannot be distinguished from fraud except on some violently improbable hypothesis.[1]" But from another well-known writer on spiritualism who has had an equally wide experience and who is also an avowed believer in the phenomena, I must quote rather more at length. Mr. Hereward Carrington, an American, speaks not only of the frauds and low moral standard of mediums but also of its harmful effects on family life. He tells us for example how he received a letter from a lady who had let herself go under the seduction of automatic communications, and who concluded by saying that "the communications grew to be of such a nature that it seemed that some power was trying to destroy my home life, so I stopped experimenting with it." Whereupon Mr. Carrington comments :—

> In the case before us this tendency is clearly shown, and the odd mixture of lies and apparently supernormal information which so often occurs is also well illustrated. It is because of the supernormal knowledge displayed that many persons are led to believe all that the automatic writing tells them. The evil consequences are well brought out by the remark that the writing seemed to be "trying to destroy her home life"—I have known many cases of like nature—and it shows us how careful we must be in experimenting in this manner.

What follows is still more to our purpose, for it proves that Mr. Carrington recognises, as do Mr. Stainton Moses and Mrs. Travers Smith, that at times a distinctly malignant influence makes itself perceptible in these automatic communications. If the script, he argues, does nothing more than reproduce the fabric woven by the sub-consciousness of the experimenter it is not easy to explain

> why the entity thus cultivated is so frequently evil and malicious, and why in the finest characters, in the purest young

[1] Mrs. H. Sidgwick in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* article, "Spiritualism," Vol. xxv., p. 707.

[2] H. Carrington, *Problems of Psychic Research*, p. 334.

girls, it uses the vilest language and counsels the patient's own destruction. Many suicides have resulted in consequence of the instruction given by planchette. That I know.[1]

Mr. Carrington is not the only authority who vouches for this suicidal suggestion which occasionally mainfests itself in automatic communication. I myself have known one case and I have heard of two or three others. One cannot help feeling a certain apprehension that the seductive picture of the experience of "passing over" set forth in the much advertised script of the Rev. G. Vale Owen, as also in *Raymond*, *Claude's Book* and other similar revelations, will have for its practical result, not so much an increase of peace and comfort in the hearts of desolate survivors as a considerable augmentation in the statistics of suicide. The sufferings caused by bereavements are great, but the sufferings which result from poverty, illness, disappointment, anxiety, old age and remorse are even greater, and for persons of average selfishness come much nearer home. If a man were really persuaded that by taking an overdose of laudanum he would wake up, restored to youth and vigour, in a world very like this but free from all troubles, the temptation to put an end to this present existence would to many be irresistible. Shakespeare, as usual, knew all about it when he said that—

> The dread of something after death,
> The undiscovered country from whose bourn
> No traveller returns, puzzles the will
> And makes us rather bear those ills we have
> Than fly to others that we know not of.

I am not at all sure that the certainty of a painless death and of a happy awakening in a land of brightness and peace would be a boon to mankind at large and a help to the better discharge of our social duties. But to return to the book last spoken of, Mr. Carrington is evidently puzzled by the problems presented by auto-

[1] *Ib.*, p. 336.

matic writing. He is reluctant to confess belief in anything in the nature of a personal devil, but in using the ouija board with his wife, he admits that he had had strange experiences, and finds it hard to suggest an explanation.

> Then again [he writes] there is the theory that the board is moved by some influence—a sort of devil theory in fact. It would hardly be necessary to do more than mention this theory here were it not for the fact that, in our own records, there is so much evidence of evil influences and minds at work that something of the sort is certainly suggested. Of course I do not . . . think that an actual devil, with cloven hoofs and a tail, is behind the board moving it; but the answers to certain questions certainly seemed to suggest that an intelligence was operative—an intelligence of a low, cunning, malicious, lying, and altogether detestable character. . . . It is quite certain that the intelligence doing the writing was as different as possible from that of any of the circle. . . . On several occasions it called Mrs. Carrington and others names which they had never even heard of until they saw them spelled out on paper, and are of such a nature that I cannot give them here [1]

Although no definite mischief is here recorded, it is plain that contact with such influences could not be otherwise than harmful if persisted in. Moreover such examples pave the way for the further inference that there is at least a considerable element of truth in the widely spread charge that scandalous licence in the relations between the sexes has constantly been associated with the practice of spiritualism. At the time when the exposure of the alleged trickery of the rapping manifestations took place at New York with the assistance of the Fox Sisters, a book was published which purported to be founded in large measure on their disclosures. In that work may be read *inter alia* the following indictment :—

> I have touched but little upon the unclean side of spiritualism. Thousands upon thousands of virtuous men and women entertain

[1] Carrington, *Problems*, p. 375.

its theory or hold to its faith. But the manipulators of the supernatural machinery, the prestidigitateurs and clumsy magicians, who seek to make simpletons of mankind I now accuse of the grossest practices and abominations, the loosest social ideas, the most utter absence of principle that has been exhibited by any one set of people in the nineteenth century.[1]

Obviously the mere word of two such discredited witnesses as Mrs. Kane and Mrs. Jencken is not sufficient to establish a charge of this nature. None the less, without laying too much stress upon unverifiable rumour, or upon isolated scandals within my personal knowledge, I believe that few honest observers who have been much in contact with spiritualism will deny that there has been and still is some foundation for so much gossip. One definite feature in the history of the movement can at any rate be appealed to in support of this view, and that is the avowed association of a large section of the spiritualists with the principles of Free Love. It is only fair to say that Mr. Podmore in his History does not attach great importance to this aberration, though he recognises its existence.[2] It seems to me on the other hand from the story of the crisis of 1875, that just before that date this evil had attained such dimensions in the United States that it nearly strangled the whole movement. I must content myself with one or two citations.

Perhaps the clearest statement I have come across is that of Mr. Algernon Joy, a man of some social position, who was Honorary Secretary of the British National Association of Spiritualists. This gentleman in the year 1875 paid a visit to America, and on his return read to the Association an address which might be described as a quasi-official report of his journey. In the Western States, and notably at San Francisco, he formed the opinion that half the spiritualists held Free Love doctrines,

[1] Davenport, *The Deathblow to Spiritualism*, New York, 1888, p. 237.

[2] Podmore, *Modern Spiritualism*, I., pp. 292-293.

though these were violently opposed by the remainder. The practical outcome of this position of affairs he described as follows —

> Because of the doctrine of Free Love being so much mixed up with spiritualism, there are many spiritualists who never mention their belief, because they do not wish to be mixed up with the disputed question. I was introduced to one lady in San Francisco, and was afterwards shocked by discovering that she had had four husbands, one of whom cut his throat because she left him, and the other three are still living. The secretary of the only society there is a most fascinating person, who sings like an angel, and who has had four husbands; one of her husbands is now treasurer to the society, and another the president, and she transacts business sitting between them and they all get on very amicably together. One fine day she had told her previous husband that she liked the other man better, and then straightway left her home and married the other man almost immediately. . . . I was told that probably one-third of the acknowledged spiritualists in the United States are Free Lovers, and that is a reason why many who are spiritualists in faith do not avow it. The other two-thirds of the spiritualists are perhaps the most violent opponents of Free Love that exist anywhere.[1]

The English medium, J. J. Morse, who also paid a visit to the States about the same period, speaks in very similar terms.

> I am sorry to say [he writes], but nevertheless it is true, that our brethren are sadly divided over here; the cause being the much-vexed question of Free Love, or, as it is called by the opposite side, "free lust." Public sentiment outside our ranks and the sentiments of all true souls within them, my own included, join in condemning this—to put it mildly—most peculiar doctrine. . . Its advocates have purchased a site for a community on Valcour Island, New York, and if half that is alleged against them is true, their departure for their earthly paradise is the best thing possible for themselves, spiritualism, and the world at large.[2]

It is a curious illustration of the insincerity and

[1] *The Spiritualist*, 10th Dec., 1875, p. 279. Mr. Joy also gives the names of two spiritualist papers advocating Free Love, *Woodhull and Claflin's Weekly*, and another paper edited by Moses Hull.

[2] *The Spiritualist*, 8th Jan., 1875, p. 19.

opportunism so often met with in the mediumistic fraternity that this same Mr. Morse a few months later was present at a spiritualistic camp meeting at Lake Pleasant and moved, or seconded, a Free Love resolution. I may confess that the letters in connexion with this incident which were published in *The Medium*[1] have produced upon me a most unfavourable impression regarding the good faith of Mr. Morse, a medium then much acclaimed in England, and have also helped to convince me that the Free Love difficulty could not be pooh-poohed as Mr. James Burns, the editor, evidently wished it to be. The fact that even here in England he had received "three apologies for Free Love doctrines, which we decline to print," and the tone of his editorial comments clearly prove that the thing was not dead, as he alleged.[2]

Of cases of obsession which all who have much practical acquaintance with spiritualism undoubtedly regard as not an imaginary but a real danger, I do not propose to say much.

That such occurrences are not uncommon almost any volume of an old Spiritualist Magazine[3] will suffice to prove. Representative exponents of the theory of communication, such, for example, as Mr. Stainton Moses, recur to the subject again and again, and sober modern experimenters like Mrs. Travers Smith are sufficiently convinced of the unpleasant consequences of such an experience as to urge extreme caution. A voluminous work published in the seventies by Mrs. Maria M. King, an enthusiastic believer, fully admits the fact of obsession, while contending that the phenomena are produced by spirits who, meaning well, unwittingly interpose their

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[1] *The Medium and Daybreak* for 1875, pp. 666, 680, 684, 701, 744.

[2] See *The Medium*, pp. 684 and 701; Mrs. A. Jackson Davis in her *Danger Signals, An Address on the Uses and Abuses of Modern Spiritualism*, 1876, thought the evil was still very much alive.

[3] See for example, *Light*, for 1896.

influence where it does mischief. Disregarding her explanation, it is interesting to find this lady saying :—

> Obsessions by this grade of spirits are common among the lower class of investigators, who hold circles for amusement and to gratify idle curiosity. Examples are not wanting where obsessions, in such circles, have ended disastrously for sensitives, who have acted the part of mediums under an influence they were unable to resist, which was of combined magnetic force, of spirits and sitters, that formed a battery so strong and so distracting as to craze the poor victim. . . . Strong men have been smitten with a species of madness that has developed into insanity and culminated, in some instances, in self-destruction by starvation or other means. The instances of this character that have occurred and are occurring among both sexes in consequence of the misapplication of the law of development are more numerous than is generally supposed by the advocates of the harmful practice so much in vogue, although exaggerated greatly by some statisticians.[1]

As an illustration of the kind of case which is of frequent occurrence I take one from India. In 1880 an English medical man wrote to the *Theosophist* concerning a patient of his "who was being made a medium against his wish." He had attended a few spiritualistic seances for the purpose of witnessing materialization, and ever since he had been more or less subject to a series of persecutions by the controlling spirit, so that in spite of every effort of his to throw off the influence "he has been made to suffer most shamefully and painfully . . . the bodily functions overruled, even being caused to bite his tongue and cheeks most severely whilst eating." The correspondent adds that "the most painful features are not such as I can write to you," but we learn from further editorial comments that the unfortunate man had become "the bond-slave of some evil powers which force him to say and do painful and even disgusting things despite his resistance.[2]"

This, no doubt, was an extreme case, but there is every reason to believe that contact with spirit influences

[1] King, *Principles of Nature*, Vol. III., p. 42

[2] *The Theosophist*, May, 1880, p. 207.

nearly always exposes the rash experimenter to some danger of being dominated by unknown forces which may monopolize his energies and absorb him to the point of neglecting all other duties and interests. As far back as 1852, the Rev. C. Hammond, who seems to have been the earliest automatist to publish his script, says of himself: "Since I have become a writing medium, I have found no leisure to read any book. In fact my taste for reading the productions of human wisdom is all absorbed in the divine.[1]" This seems to me an extremely unhealthy state of things, and the same condition of mind often results from the efforts of grief-stricken mothers and widows to communicate by writing or voice mediums with the spirits of those they have lost. I learn from a book recently published that the late Alfred Russel Wallace, F.R.S., though an ardent spiritualist, was deeply impressed by the dangers of this sort of spirit intercourse. He used to tell of a man who, "having practised automatic writing, became absolutely incapable of writing the simplest note without his hand being used by other agencies." The writer, Miss Jane T. Stoddard, tells us that Wallace "had a strong belief in the existence and activity of malignant low-grade spirits, who seek to gain control over men.[2]" We need not attempt to determine more precisely what kind of spirits they are, but the whole difficulty lies there.

HERBERT THURSTON.

[1] C. Hammond, *The Pilgrimage of Thomas Paine*, New York, 1852, Preface, p. ix.
[2] Stoddart, *The Case Against Spiritualism* (1919), p. 93.

TERRA FIRMA.

IF when unsolid earth slips from your hold
  Your hands clutch Heaven to keep,—
The solid Heaven, who would repine, who weep?

That was precarious always and its joy
  As a frail bubble bright,
But to be blown on and to vanish quite.

While this is Terra Firma set beyond
  All friction and decay,
Whereof our God Himself is Night and Day.

Earth's for beginnings, but fruition waits
  Beyond the moon and stars,
Where is not pain nor death, nor any wars.

There is your joy made lasting and your lease
  In perpetuity writ:
The unchanging Heaven is yours: lay hold on it.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

THE VIOLIN.

WHEN gently from its silken nest
  He draws the old brown violin,
And holds it close above his breast,
And on its shoulder lays his chin,
And so caressed, caressing so,
Touches the strings with delicate bow,
As if the Dresden men and maids
Out of their little cabinet
Came in their laces and brocades,
So through the ivory portals set
The stairways of his soul below,
A little people quaintly dressed
(The dainty tunes of long ago)
With stately ceremony troop in
When gently from its silken nest
He draws the old brown violin.

CATHAOIR O'BRAONAIN.

SHIPS THAT DEPART.

"Les bateaux sur lesquels on ne s'embarque pas."

SHIPS that depart and leave us on the shore
Are bound for joyous towns and flowery vales
And speed along smooth-lapping seas before
Soft winds that softly lift the humming sails.

Into the rosy mists of rising morn
They fade; and after them, like to a stream
Of eager sea-fowl, flutters to the bourne
How many a wing of vague and wistful dream!

Whither? Ah, who can tell that other world?
But surely those untrodden isles are fair,
Pleasant the cove where sail and wing are furled,
Greener the hills, redder the roses—there?

And yet—did we pursue the ship, the dream,
The old unrest would vex the sea, the frown
Gather on heaven; no fairy isle would gleam,
But only barren shore and grimy town.

Is then the voyage vain; no more it yields
Than the old ugliness the old life wore?
Ah, vain! They only find Elysian fields—
Ships that depart and leave us on the shore.

G. O'NEILL.

From the French of "L'Ami Chantre."

THE LOVABLE WILL OF GOD.

(After St. Alphonsus de' Liguori.)

I would fulfil Thy will,
Thy will my own,
Loving Thy loving will,
My God, alone!
What love can compass Thine,
O will Divine!

What other love would dare
Face Thy desire
Thy throne with us to share,
O heart of fire!
What love can compass Thine,
O will Divine!

Our crowning is Thy cross,
Thy tender breath
Changes to gain our loss,
To joy our death.
What love can compass Thine,
O will Divine!

Tho' in eternal flame
My soul should dwell,
Could I Thy love but claim
'Twere Heaven in Hell.
What love can compass Thine,
O will Divine!

My Lover, hear me sigh
And set me free,
Undying so to die
To live in Thee!
What love can compass Thine,
O will Divine!

GEORGE NOBLE PLUNKETT.

UNPUBLISHED IRISH POEMS.

X.—Art *versus* Nature.

EDITED BY PROFESSOR OSBORN BERGIN, PH.D.

The following poem by O Gnímh, doubtless Fear Flatha, author of No. VIII. of the present series, is addressed to Fearghal Og (Mac an Bhaird), author of No. V. O Gnímh may or may not be serious in charging a brother poet with composing in the open air, a breach of professional etiquette, but many of Fearghal Og's poems have a natural grace and charm beyond the miracles of technique admired and imitated in the schools.

The literary allusions are interesting. O Gnímh appeals to the authority of Donnchadh Mór O Dálaigh, a celebrated religious poet who died in 1244; Giolla Brighde Mac Con Midhe, a poet of the thirteenth century; Aonghus Ruadh, son of Cearbhall Buidhe O Dálaigh, author of a highly ornate poem on the *pailis* or palace of O'Conor Connacht (1293-1309) at Cloonfree in Co. Roscommon; Sgolb, a nickname for a son of Cearbhall Buidhe O Dálaigh; An tOrthóir "the gilder," a sobriquet of Eóghan Mág Craith, a fifteenth century poet; Gofraidh Fionn O Dálaigh, for whom see *Studies* No. 25; and Tadhg Og O Huiginn, who died in 1448, and whose poems, religious and secular, are strikingly common in MSS.

The text is from A 34 in the Franciscan collection, Dublin. I have marked missing accents and aspiration.

OSBORN BERGIN.

Ó GNÍMH cc.

1. Cuimseach sin, a Fhearghail Óig,
fuarois tiodhloicthi [1] ón Tríonóitt;
gan feidhm ndagoide ar do dhán
ag deilbh ghlanoige [2] ar ghearrán.

2. Gan boith ndiamhoir, gan deacoir,
cead áinis as airdcheapaidh,[3]
scor raifhérach,[4] radharc cnoc,
amharc aiérach accat.[5]

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[1] tioghloicthi MS. [2] ghlanoighe MS. [3] airdceap—MS.
[4] roifherach MS. [5] accad MS.

3. Donnchadh Mór bu[1] mhillsi dán,
Giolla Brighde is beó iomrádh,
días do thobhoigh grádh dá ngaois,
dán ar conair ní cheapdaois.

4. Ní bhiadh ag feithiomh gach fuinn
cnuasach milis mheic Cearbhoill,
fa Chluain Fraoich gér saoi soinnimh
gan chnaoi[2] ccaoich 'na chrobhoingibh.

5. Bliadhain[3] iomshlán d'Aonghas Ruadh
re hucht ngill ar ghrés n-ionnfhuar[4];
níor thaobh re mailís molta
an fPailís chaomh chlárchorcra.

6. Níor chum Sgolb, in dá rinn róibh.[5]
saoi gan énlocht, nó an t-Orthóir,
dol tar a riaghail d'ágh ort,
dán gan diamhoir gan dorchacht.

7. Ní gluaisti le Gothfroidh Fionn
dán ar nach dénadh dítheall;
re blaosgach do bhiadh folamh
riamh dob aonsgoth ealadhan.

8. A leapthaibh dhénta duan ngill
aghaidh Thaidhg Oig I Uiginn,
ní hionand méin duitse[6] as dí,
dá huiscce féin do foilcthi.

9. Misi féin dá ndearnoinn dán,
maith leam—lughoide ar seachrán[7]—
bac ar ghriangha um theachta as-teagh,
leaptha diamhra 'gar ndídean.

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[1] ú MS. [2] chraoi MS. [3] Bliagh—MS. [4] nfhionnfuar MS.
[5] róimh MS. [6] doitsi MS. [7] seachrach MS.

10. Eadrom is eatoil ghlana
muna n-iadhoinn m'aphradha,
mar dhlaoi díona ar lés an laoi
díogha dom ghrés do-ghéntaoi.

11. Ní hionand gnáth damhsa is duitt,
dá ndeachoinn do dheilbh adhmoid,
fada m'uain ar aoidhidh [1] roinn,
uaill as mo laoidhibh locoim.

Coimseach sin.

Translation.

1. This is comfortable, O Fearghal Og : thou hast gotten gifts from the Trinity ; without any need of a good teacher for thy verse thou framest fine scholarly art on horseback !

2. Without a dark hut, without hardship, with leave to take delight in lofty invention,[2] a grassy scaur, a view of mountains, an airy prospect are thine.

3. Donnchadh Mór, whose verse was so sweet, Giolla Brighde, who lives in fame, two that won high rank by their subtlety, they never composed verse on the road.

4. The sweet harvest of Cearbhall's son would not be gazing about the country, though he portrayed Cloonfree like a cunning master, in whose clusters was no blind nut.

5. Red Aonghus was a whole year seeking to attain the prize for delicate work ; he trusted not lovely red-timbered Pallas to grudging laudation.

6. Sgolb, that faultless scholar, and the Orthóir, the two pinnacles before thee, never fashioned—thou hast the luck to overstep their rule—a poem without secrecy and darkness.

7. Gofraidh Fionn started no poem without taking pains ; even at an empty shell he was always the very flower of art.

8. In the beds where prize lyrics are made, the face of Tadhg Og O Huiginn—how unlike is thine !—was wont to be washed by its own drops.

9. As for myself, should I make a poem, I like—a thing which keeps me from error—a barrier to keep out the sunlight, and dim couches to guard me.

10. If I did not close my eyelids between me and the bright rays as a protecting veil against the daylight, it would ruin my artistry.

11. Thy way is not my way, should I go to shape an *adhmad*,[3] long is the time I spend in polishing (?) a verse, yet I refuse to boast of my poems.

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[1] araoidh—MS.

[2] Read perhaps *ar airdcheapaigh* "upon an upland tillage plot."

[3] The technical term for a certain kind of lyric.

LOUVAIN SINCE THE WAR.

BY AUBREY GWYNN, S.J., M.A.

ON January 21, 1919, barely ten weeks after the signature of the armistice, the University of Louvain began its first academic year since the occupation of Belgium by the Germans. Mgr. Ladeuze, Rector of the University since 1909, and (let it be said in passing) an orator of unusual brilliance and power, opened his inaugural address on that occasion with these words of triumph and thanksgiving :

> La vieille Alma Mater vit donc encore ! Le 26 août, 1914, le commandant allemand de Louvain la croyait détruite tout entière. La voici ressuscitée ! Gloire à Dieu ! [1]

Whatever the German commander may have thought, few could have believed during the war that within so short an interval after the cessation of hostilities, at a moment when Belgium was still half-bewildered at the recent German evacuation and the re-establishment of a national government, Louvain would resume the duties and responsibilities of pre-war days ; fewer still, that she would be able to succeed in her task. Yet she has succeeded ; and the academic "year," January to August, 1919, has been followed by a second year, which promises to be more normal and equally successful. The achievement is due, in large part, to the personal energy and ability of Mgr. Ladeuze and his associates,

[1] This address has since been published at Louvain, under the title, *Le crime allemand contre l'Université de Louvain.*

and, no less, to the enthusiastic support given last year by Belgian Catholics to their Catholic University. But energy, ability and enthusiasm cannot work miracles. We, who for the last five years have been confined to the atmosphere of British war-propaganda and have only been able to guess at what was happening in Europe, have come to think of Louvain, if not as a city of ashes, at least as a seat of learning burnt and ravaged almost beyond hope of recovery. What has really happened here, at least in as far as the life of the University is concerned? Ireland's sympathy for Louvain in her present trouble will be no less sincere if it is based on truth, not imagination: and, as will be seen, the difficulties which Louvain is called upon to face, though not always such as British war-propaganda led us to expect, are none the less real and grievous.

Into the full history of those dark days, August 25 to September 1, 1914, it is not my purpose to enter here. Many of the details are still obscure; and, now that the German people has had to suffer in its turn, one does not care to recall the memories of a past which is already remote. But some account of what happened in 1914 is a necessary prelude to the subject of this article. On August 25, at 8 o'clock in the evening, fires broke out in various quarters of the town, and at the same time shots were heard. What happened to provoke these shots is difficult to determine, but nothing can excuse what followed. The German troops, some belonging to the garrison, others passing through from Tirlemont and Liège, began a deliberate sack of the town. For three days the civilian population were subjected to a reign of terror. On August 27 they were forced to leave the town, but the burning and pillaging continued until September 1. The German commander, von Manteuffel, seems to have lost all control of his troops, and the accounts of eye-witnesses give the impression that the sack of the town followed no regular plan. In some

quarters German soldiers were seen endeavouring to extinguish the flames; in others (and notably in the Vieux Marché) they deliberately prevented help from being brought to the buildings that were being burnt. But their conduct has left memories that will die hard. Setting aside the individual deeds of savage cruelty, the damage can be summarised as follows: 226 civilians were killed or burnt alive, 653 more were carried off as prisoners to Germany, over 2,000 houses were burnt in the town and its surroundings (of which some 1,100 belonged to the town itself), several public buildings were destroyed, in particular Les Halles and the University Library, and the principal church of Louvain, St. Pierre, was grievously damaged.[1] During the war no attempt was made to repair what had been destroyed. Houses, library and almost all the buildings facing on the central market-place were still in ruins when Mgr. Ladeuze decided to re-open the University at the beginning of last year.

How far do these material damages affect the life and the future prospects of the University? One loss is, in a certain sense, irreparable. The library has gone for ever; and with it several precious relics, dear to the traditional spirit of all Universities. But, before we describe in greater detail the injury thus suffered and the attempts which are being made to provide a remedy, it may be useful to give a general summary of what else has been lost and been retained during the last five years.

Louvain, it must be remembered, is not merely a seat of learning. It is also an industrial town, with a permanent population of some 60,000 inhabitants. The destruction of private property must, therefore, be reckoned mainly to the town, not to the University; though some of the professors lost valuable libraries,

[1] I take my figures from the Belgian official publication, *L'armée allemande à Louvain et le Livre Blanc allemand.*

and notes that represented many years of patient work. To appreciate the extent to which the University itself suffered, it should be noted that, fortunately for their preservation, the University buildings do not form a single block. In all there are some twenty separate buildings, some of them colleges of the old University, most of them modern buildings specially designed for purposes of research. Three were destroyed; the Ecole Commerciale et Consulaire, the Library, and the administrative offices situated in Les Halles. The latter have been re-constituted in the modern Institut Spoelbergh, situated close to the ruins of the market-place, and the University has thus at present all the buildings essential to its work with the exception of a library. In the most important colleges and buildings—the Collège du Pape, for example, the Juste Lipse and Saint Esprit, all the various scientific institutes and the famous Institut Léon XIII., founded by Cardinal Mercier when Professor of the University—work was resumed last year with a minimum of necessary repairs. Indeed, as one looks down from the low hills, which surround Louvain, on the town with its churches, colleges, factories and endless roofs all huddled together and cramped for space, it is difficult to believe that one is looking on a town which in 1914 we believed to have been burnt to the ground. Only when one passes from street to street and notes the ruins, sometimes of a whole series of houses, sometimes of a building conspicuous by its size or its position, does one realise the full extent of the damage done. And even then one must beware of illusion. With characteristic forethought the Germans, once secure in the occupation of Belgium, decided that the ruins scattered throughout the town were too costly to repair, and too grim a commentary on the first month of war to be left as they stood. Orders were therefore given that the great heaps of brick and rubbish should be partially cleared, and built into neat walls, some five feet in height,

exactly sufficient to conceal what remained from the ordinary passer-by. In consequence, one can often pass by these walled enclosures, hardly conscious that within there lies a ruined house. It is only in the main centres of destruction that one is violently reminded of 1914. For one who travels from Dublin to Louvain, the first view down the Rue de la Station to St. Pierre and the Hôtel de Ville suggests inevitably O'Connell Street. There is the same puzzling sense of a street front that is no longer a street-front, the same gaunt and windowless walls. Reconstruction is only beginning here, for the Belgian Government gave first claim to the ruined suburbs of Antwerp and the desolated area round Ypres and Dixmude. But it is worth noting that the Louvain municipality has known how to profit even from its disasters. Streets are being everywhere widened where possible, and the western end of the modern Rue de la Station is to be altered so as to restore the ancient plan, by which the Hôtel de Ville, a miniature piece of Flemish architecture never meant to be seen from a distance, will in future be hidden from view until one has reached St. Pierre.

Round the corner from the Hôtel de Ville lies the Vieux Marché, the main scene of the German destruction. Across the square and facing you as you come up from the station still stands La Sainte-Trinité, now a Josephite school, but once a University college; here Daniel O'Connell began his studies before passing to Douai. Opposite it is the Collégiale St. Pierre, half of which was gutted in the fire of August, 1914. To the right are mostly ruins of shops and private houses. To the left, half the length of the market-place is taken up with the ruins of what was once Les Halles and the University Library: a solid, lofty block of brick-work, the walls of which still stand, reminiscent in their proportions and present condition of our own Post Office. But whilst for Irishmen the Post Office has come to

symbolise a triumph, the memories of Les Halles are memories of disaster. Here before 1914 the life of the University found its fullest expression : the library, with its relics and portraits, the fine Salle des Pas Perdus, the administrative quarters, which had been remodelled shortly before the war—all these are gone for ever. For strangers the loss means little, but for Louvain it means much ; and the fate of the library, in particular, deserves fuller treatment ; for its history is in great part the history of the University itself.[1]

M. l'abbé Delannoy, librarian of the University in 1914, has estimated the number of books contained in the library as between 250,000 and 300,000. The uncertainty seems curious, until we remember that the catalogue, in itself incomplete, was burnt along with the books. There is, therefore, no possibility of drawing up an accurate list of what has been lost. For modern books this matters little ; but for the MSS., *incunabula*, and other rare editions the loss is serious. A list has been made out of MSS. mentioned by modern writers, or known to have been consulted by scholars ; but how much else has been lost will never be known. Though the foundation of the University dates as far back as 1425,[2] a University library, as distinct from college libraries, was not formed until 1636 ; and this date explains the peculiar character of Louvain's treasures. At the latter date the enthusiastic search for classical manuscripts, still in its first vigour when the University

[1] For details as to the library I am indebted to *La Bibliothèque de l'Université de Louvain*, by Père E. de Moreau, S.J. The book, published in Louvain after the armistice, has itself a curious history. Written and printed in 1915, it had to be concealed throughout the German occupation. Yet the author, though working under such exceptional difficulties, and without possibility of communication with the librarian who had taken refuge in Paris, succeeded in compiling from published sources, a list of the MSS. and rare editions contained in the library in 1914, so accurate that it has since been used as a basis for the list presented to the Germans for restitution.

[2] For the history of Louvain, the reader should consult M. Delannoy's lectures at the Sorbonne in 1915, since published by Picard : *L'Université de Louvain* (Paris, 1915).

was founded, had practically ceased, and Louvain in 1914 had no classical text of unusual importance, with the exception of a valuable MS. of Cornelius Nepos. The Fathers of the Church were as scantily represented; but the real strength of the library lay in mediæval theological texts. Autograph MSS. of both Thomas à Kempis and Denis the Carthusian were lost in the flames, and many others of lesser value. These are irreplaceable; but another heavy loss, one of the finest collections in Europe of books printed in the 15th and 16th centuries, can and will be replaced. Apart from these MSS. and rare editions, the most valuable portion of the library, corresponding well with the period of its foundation, was a vast collection of folios, theses, documents and manuscripts dating from the great Jesuit-Jansenist controversy, of which Louvain was then the centre. All the controversial works of Louvain's theological professors were here represented; and the collection had been further enriched in 1778 by the purchase at a reduced price of 12,000 volumes, the bulk of the Jesuit library at Louvain at the date of the suppression of the Society.[1] For the specialist in ecclesiastical history this great mass of theological documents was of unique value, and important researches had been begun among them shortly before the war, with a view to a history of the Jansenist controversy. Those whose interests are less theological will, perhaps, be amused at the thought that it was a Lutheran army which gave these dusty volumes their world-famous funeral pyre.

Irishmen have a special interest in the fate of Louvain's manuscripts and books. During the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth century Louvain was one of the great centres of Irish study on the Continent, and the history of the connection thus established will one day form an interesting chapter in that new history of Ireland

[1] It is worth noting that the Royal Library in Brussels owes a large portion of its richness to the same source.

and her people which has yet to be written. Of the forty-four colleges of the old University no less than three were Irish, and many of Ireland's most distinguished sons during the centuries of persecution found in Louvain refuge and a hospitable welcome. The most important relic of this Irish connection, the Couvent Saint Antoine, founded by the Irish Franciscans in the 17th century, still remains, and its monuments are happily intact : its library was scattered at the time of the French Revolution, and the Merchants' Quay library in Dublin shares to-day with the Royal Library at Brussels the honour of preserving its most precious MS. treasures. The other two colleges have long since disappeared—though Louvain has still a Rue des Dominicains irlandais—and have left hardly any traces of their existence. Since the college libraries were always distinct from the University library, it is most unlikely that any Irish MSS. were to be found in the latter, either at the time of the French Revolution or in 1914 ; and, as far as is known, none such existed.[1] The one Irish relic which seems to have disappeared in 1914 is the monument of Dr. Thomas Stapleton,[2] formerly to be found in St. Pierre, but now either destroyed or buried beneath a heap of ruins.

Few people are aware that the disaster which overtook the library of Louvain in 1914 can be closely paralleled from an earlier chapter in the University's troubled history. During the enlightened rule of Joseph II. of Austria, Louvain was constantly in trouble on account of its theological orthodoxy, and for a brief period (1788-1790) the University was bidden to leave Louvain and find a home in Brussels. But a worse storm was to follow. In 1792 Dumouriez occupied Flanders in the name of the French Republic, and, though the French troops were temporarily ejected by the Austrians in 1793, they established

[1] I make this statement on the authority of Père H. Delahaye S.J., and of Mr. R. I. Best, both of whom were kind enough to make personal inquiries on the subject.

[2] *Cf.* a notice on his career by Fr. T. Corcoran, S.J. in *Studies*, Dec., 1914.

their position in 1794. Shortly afterwards the authorities of Louvain received orders to participate in the new Cult of Reason, and, when they replied with a noble profession of Catholic faith, the University was suppressed in 1797, and remained closed for nearly forty years. The library did not go unscathed during these years of confusion. The most precious volumes had been taken to Brussels in 1788, but seem to have returned to Louvain in 1790. In 1795 5,000 volumes were confiscated by the Commissaries of the French Republic, and have never since been returned; and in 1797 the librarian of Brussels received leave from the French authorities to carry off to his library the most valuable MSS. and volumes still remaining in Louvain. The rest was left as the property of the town, and in 1835 was handed over by the town to the restored University, whose property it was in 1914. Dispersed by the Austrians, robbed and suppressed by the French, burnt by the Germans, the library has indeed shared to the full in the chequered history of the University. Thanks to the generosity of the modern world, a new and more hopeful chapter is opening in its history.

One of the few articles in the Peace Treaty which have met with general approval, provides that Germany shall repair to the full the damage done in 1914 to the University of Louvain and to its library. The justice of this claim is self-evident, and negotiations are at present in progress at Brussels with a view to restitution. Restitution in the strict sense of the word is, of course, impossible; but the rough and ready principle has been adopted that for every MS., for example, of Cicero or Augustine destroyed in the fire another of about equal age and value shall be handed over, whilst rare volumes are, as far as possible, to be replaced by specimens of the same edition. For modern books no attempt is being made to replace copy by copy. Germany is being required to hand over a number of books published

in Germany, equal in value to the estimated total value of the printed books destroyed in 1914. For books published outside of Germany restitution has already been made by private and public generosity. Belgian private donations alone had almost reached the sum of 90,000 volumes by the end of the German occupation; the Vatican has made a free gift of all its publications, and of many volumes from its great library; and private generosity in Europe and America has been such that the new library will, it is hoped, contain a considerably larger number of volumes than before the war. And these volumes are to be worthily housed. On the occasion of Cardinal Mercier's recent visit to America, a national committee was formed to aid in the work of restoration at Louvain, and 500,000 dollars have been subscribed for the erection of a new library. Building has recently been begun, on a site near the Institut Léon XIII.; for it has been decided to leave Les Halles free, once reconstructed, for administrative purposes.

From what has been said so far it might well seem that the authorities of Louvain can look forward to the future with untroubled confidence. Yet Mgr. Ladeuze did not hesitate to take for the text of his recent inaugural address (Nov. 18, 1919), Ovid's verse: "Alternant spesque timorque fidem.[1]" To understand the justice of his attitude, some words of explanation are needed as to the present legal position of Louvain University. Belgium has, in all, four Universities: Louvain, Brussels, Ghent and Liège. Of these Ghent and Liège are state-founded and state-aided, Brussels and Louvain are "free" Universities, founded in the first half of the last century, one to support Liberal, the other to support Catholic principles. For the modern University of Louvain, though the direct inheritor of the older University,

[1] This address has just been published under the title *Nos espoirs et nos craintes un an après la guerre*. From it I take almost all my facts as to what has been done and attempted at Louvain during the last twelve months.

cannot claim an unbroken tradition.[1] After the suppression by the French in 1797, Louvain was without a University for almost twenty years. In 1816 the Dutch government founded a State University, which continued to exist, though without any real prosperity or influence, until the revolution of 1830. The constitution of a national government had as a natural sequel the formation of a national University. But the loss of the old tradition, and the great political changes which had intervened, made it impossible to recall into being all the mediæval institutions of the older University, based on a college-system closely analogous with that of Oxford. The initiative rested with the Catholic Bishops, and they had a bold inspiration. First at Malines in 1834, and then at Louvain in 1835, they opened a Catholic University, claiming as its ideal the full development of that University life which had formerly been the glory of Louvain, but apart from the modest fees charged for lectures, dependent for the realisation of that ideal on one source only—the charity and generosity of Belgian Catholics. The result of their appeal may be reckoned as one of the great achievements of the Catholic Church during the nineteenth century. In 1834 there were at Malines (prior to the transference of the new University to Louvain) 86 students and 13 professors. At Louvain before the war the average number of students fell little short of 3,000, and the University not merely lacked no faculty required by the standards of modern science, but was unusually well staffed in many of its faculties, and was equipped with close on twenty institutes specially founded and organised for scientific research. And for all that is implied in this amazing development, not a penny had been contributed by any official fund or ministry.[2] Catholic Belgium has

[1] For the history of Louvain since 1835 the reader should consult the work of M. Noël, Professor of the University: *Louvain*, 891-1914 (Oxford, 1915).

[2] It is only since 1911 that the University has been accorded the right to own property as a legal person.

reason to be proud of her achievement. But will she be able to maintain the effort of the past century? Above all, will she be able to maintain it with an ever-increasing rate of intensity? For, in the twentieth century, a University that cannot develop is lost. Belgium has been hard hit by the war, and Mgr. Ladeuze needs no excuse for the doubts to which he gave frank expression last November. From one anxiety he has recently been relieved. At the end of the war the American Committee of Relief, worker of untold good in occupied Belgium, found itself in possession of about 150 million francs as yet unexpended, and its president, Mr. Hoover, in a spirit of unusually enlightened generosity, decided to divide this sum equally between Belgium's four Universities, who can thus each count upon an annual revenue of some 900,000 francs. But before the war Louvain spent annually about a million francs, and Universities as well as individuals must allow for a cost of living that has at least doubled. Mr. Hoover's gift will thus enable Louvain to live up to what is now the equivalent of her pre-war income, and to increase the salaries of her professors in proportion to the increased cost of living. But where is she to find money for necessary repairs, for further building, for scientific development? These are anxious questions, and one does not envy Mgr. Ladeuze his responsibilities. The outlook is, indeed, gloomy; but he has one great force to sustain him. Ever since the foundation of the University in 1834 Louvain has been actuated by a spirit of apostolate which, as always, is made more ardent by the necessities of poverty. Some of her most distinguished professors during the century of the new University's existence have insisted on offering the service of a life-time's teaching and study as a free gift to their Alma Mater, and many of them, especially the ecclesiastical professors, have contented themselves with salaries that were much below the value of the services rendered. As one enters the class-rooms of many

of the University buildings—ill-lit, ill-ventilated, unadorned—one feels immediately the same presence of an apostolical poverty. The University could have no prouder title to glory, no surer augury for a prosperous future.

There is no need to tell here the long story of success and brilliant achievement which, in spite of these material difficulties, has given Louvain the place which she now holds in the eyes of the Catholic and scientific world. But on one point I should like to insist. In Ireland, Louvain is mainly known for its schools of Catholic philosophy and theology. In Belgium she can claim a record of important national services of a more material character. For the ordinary Belgian, indeed, Louvain is essentially a modern scientific University, and the vast majority of her students belong to the schools of law, medicine, and the natural sciences.[1] The fact is remarkable, for Louvain's earlier traditions are essentially Humanist. Justus Lipsius is the chief glory of her history, and at the beginning of the sixteenth century Erasmus made Louvain for a brief period the intellectual centre of Humanist Europe.[2] The present tendency to scientific specialisation, characteristic of the modern University, is the result of deliberate policy. Louvain, since 1835, has been under a remarkable and very successful form of administration. The University is ruled, in the last resort, by the six Catholic Bishops of Belgium acting in committee; but their authority is delegated to a Rector, holding office at their will but usually for life, and entrusted with powers that are subject only to the consultative voice of a small *Conseil Rectoral*, and of a Senate composed of the entire teaching

[1] Thus in 1913-14, out of 2,880 students, 96 studied theology, 417 philosophy, 680 law, 647 medicine, 370 natural sciences, 221 agriculture, and 449 various special faculties. And it should be remembered that the foreign element is especially marked in the schools of philosophy and theology.

[2] Louvain is especially proud of Erasmus' tribute: "Haud scio an usquam gentium magis invalescant literae politiores quam hic."

staff.[1] The Bishops have been singularly fortunate in their choice of men to fill this responsible post; but it is especially to the first Rector, Mgr. de Ram (1834-65), distinguished both as a scholar and an administrator, that the University owes its present character: historical, almost mediæval, in its traditions and ceremonies, modern in its scientific method. France and Germany have been, from the first, the two main factors in the intellectual formation of modern Louvain; and the policy outlined by Mgr. Ladeuze last November shows that the animosity caused by the war has not led him or his advisers to adopt the attitude of foolish contempt for German learning, so often preached during the last five years. The new foundations which he was then able to announce—four new laboratories for various branches of scientific research, an Institute of Physiology, a new doctorate of Applied Chemistry, and several improvements in the School of Engineering—are inspired by the needs of national reconstruction; but Mgr. Ladeuze justified them also by the example set by the Germans. This policy of specialisation has borne good fruit in recent years. Shortly before the war Louvain had a notable triumph in the discovery by one of her professors of coal-fields in the region to the east of Antwerp, and her schools of scientific research have rendered many similar services to the industrial and agricultural development of the country. And these material services have been equalled by the political services rendered during the last thirty years by the University. Several of Louvain's professors have held ministerial portfolios during the long period of Catholic administration, and the tradition is still continued. The present law of primary education is the work of M. Poullet, to-day one of the most remarkable figures in the Catholic party; and another professor of Louvain, M. Van den

[1] Since 1911 the various associations of past students scattered throughout Belgium have been given representation on a *Conseil Général*, roughly corresponding to our Convocation.

Heuvel, was one of Belgium's representatives at the Versailles Conference.

Those who have followed Belgian politics since the war will know that Louvain, the training-ground for Belgium's Catholic statesmen, is faced with new and grave responsibilities. The recent elections (November, 1919) resulted in depriving the Catholic party of its former absolute majority over the Liberals and Socialists combined, and has left the Catholics with a bare majority over the Socialists, who now form a party far more formidable as an opponent than the old and discredited Liberal block. This startling change is due in great part to the abolition of the system of plural voting, and to the concession, too long deferred as it must seem to Irish opinion, of universal manhood suffrage.[1] It is for the Catholics now to regain their old superiority on a clearer field. But there is another question of national importance, in which Louvain has special interests. As far back as 1836, two years after the foundation of the University, the Flemish-speaking students of Louvain formed themselves into an association, named *Met Tijd en Vlijt*, which was destined to extend and become a powerful factor in what is now the national Flemish movement; and in the following generation Canon David, professor of history at the University, was one of the strongest personal influences in the re-awakening of the Flemish national consciousness. The movement, which offers many suggestive contrasts and parallels with our own Gaelic movement,[2] was rapidly developing on political lines in the years before the war; to-day it is the dominant question in Belgian politics. But Louvain, as Belgium's leading University, has a special interest in the movement, apart from all question of historical origins. Education in Flemish is the essential feature of the Flemish programme, and before the war agitation centred mainly

[1] Women's suffrage was blocked by the Socialists and Liberals for political motives.

[2] At the present moment, one of the bookshops in Louvain has for sale a Flemish pamphlet with the significant title, *Sinn Fein*.

on the demand for a Flemish University. Seeing that more than half Belgium speaks Flemish as its mother-tongue, and that until recently all University education, and almost all secondary education, was given in French, the claim for a Flemish-speaking University is in itself unanswerable. But in practice the various solutions offered have invariably aroused intense opposition, and the official Flemish proposal, with which the Flemish leader, Van Cauwelaert, is prominently identified, that the present University of Ghent should be converted by the state into a Flemish-speaking University, was the subject of violent controversy when war broke out in 1914.

During the occupation, Germany, acting on the traditional policy of all militarist governments, *Divide et impera*, divided Belgium into two administrative areas according to the linguistic boundary, and opened Ghent as the long-desired Flemish University. The motive was obvious, and, though Flemish opinion was divided as to the proper attitude to be adopted, the majority of the Flemish population refused the new University the sanction of their approval. The German administration was thus only partially successful in its purpose. It should be noted, however, that their action placed Ghent in a doubly invidious position; for all the Belgian Universities remained closed throughout the war, partly as a token of sympathy with Louvain, partly from a desire not to handicap those students who had joined the army in 1914, and only opened with the restoration of Louvain in the January of last year. With the first wave of reaction after the armistice the inevitable happened. The German-made University was swept aside, and the former French-speaking University restored in its place. But no one imagines that the question is thus disposed of, and the present Government—a Coalition, composed of Catholics, Socialists, and Liberals—has just announced a Commission to investigate this and other aspects of the Flemish question. Louvain, as a free University, can

make its own policy. Walloons and Flemings meet here on common ground, and the University has thus exceptional opportunities of bringing about that mutual understanding, without which a final solution of the question is impossible. Since 1835, in spite of the influence of David and his fellow-workers, the traditions of the University have been mainly French, not Flemish, and French has always been the official language of the modern University. But before the war Louvain was well in advance of the other Universities in the sympathy which it showed to the Flemish movement, and Mgr. Ladeuze has personally been long noted for his conciliatory attitude. When he came to office in 1909, Flemish was only used for lectures on Flemish literature and kindred subjects. Acting with the full approval of the Belgian Bishops, the new Rector inaugurated his administration by the foundation of Flemish courses in certain practical branches of medicine and science. Shortly afterwards these were followed by lectures in Flemish on some of the main subjects taught in the University : criminal law, political economy, history and chemistry. The series of these foundations was interrupted by the war, and will, if maintained, be a heavy drain on the finances of the University. On the other hand, should the University fail to provide its Flemish students (a good half of the student population) with Flemish lectures, many of these will probably leave Louvain in the event of the foundation by the State of a Flemish University. It is too early yet to expect a definite policy on these new aspects of the question, which have been brought into prominence by the events of the last five years. But Louvain is fortunate in its present Rector, and, if we may judge by his administration from 1909-1914, there is good reason to hope that Mgr. Ladeuze will be able to find the solution of a problem which is of vital importance to the University, and indirectly to the entire nation. AUBREY GWYNN.

THE IRISH CLIMATE AND TILLAGE FARMING.

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IN a previous article,[1] the writer ventured the opinion that in spite of the high prices obtaining for agricultural products, the unprecedented demand for food and the Compulsory Tillage Act, there would be a decrease in Irish tillage during the past year. The figures have now been published by the Department of Agriculture, and unfortunately the prediction has proved only too true. In 1918 there were in Ireland 1,962,793 acres in corn, beans and peas. In 1919 the area under these crops had decreased by 227,438 acres, or 11·8 per cent. As regards green crops—turnips, mangolds and potatoes—in 1918, the total area was 1,144,844 acres, which in 1919 decreased by 159,926 acres, or 14 per cent. There has also been a decrease of 47,757 acres in flax, or 33 per cent. The total shrinkage in the tillage area being no less than 433,823 acres.

The lay reader will wonder why this tremendous decrease in tillage, and will be inclined to look upon the farmer as being lazy and indifferent to the country's welfare. In the writer's opinion this decrease is largely due to the fact that the system of tillage ordinarily promulgated is unsuited to the climatic, labour and marketing conditions obtaining in Ireland.

Contrary to the ordinary tillage system, that devised

[1] See the issue of last December.

by the writer aims at the even distribution of labour throughout the year, with a concomitant reduction of harvesting risks. Further, the Continuous Cropping system aims at producing food, not only for human consumption, but also animal food for conversion into easily marketable products such as milk, butter, beef, mutton and pork. The crops grown for this purpose are forage crops, which (*a*) involve no harvesting risks; (*b*) grow with the greatest luxuriance in a damp climate, such as obtains in Ireland; (*c*) require little or no hand labour—an expensive commodity necessary in the case of ordinary green crops such as turnips and mangolds.

Perhaps these and other features of the Continuous Cropping system can best be illustrated by setting down a simple Continuous Cropping Rotation. It should be understood that the particular rotation is by no means a standardised one—one feature of this tillage system being that the rotation can be very greatly modified to suit the varying climatic, soil and marketing conditions. The rotation is as follows :—

1st Year—Summer sown corn.
2nd Year—Autumn sown tares (corn, vetches, etc.), cut for hay or ensilage in June, followed by winter forage crops for green food in winter.
3rd Year—Potatoes or flax.
4th Year—Tares with grass seeds.
5th Year—Grass seeds meadowed.
6th Year—The grass seeds grazed and ploughed in late summer for corn like first year.

If one studies this rotation in detail, it will be seen that the first year's crop may be sown in late summer or early autumn; the second year's cropping also in, say, mid-autumn—September or early October. The winter green crops of the second year will be sown in June and July. The third year's crop of potatoes or flax is sown of course in springtime; the fourth year's crop in, say, late September or early October. The land

is then for a space of eighteen months in grass; but, unlike the ordinary rotation, the land is never idle from the start to the finish of the rotation.

From the standpoint of labour, be it noted that only one crop is sown in springtime—potatoes or flax; that the great amount of tillage is done in summer and autumn, *when the rains help in the tilling of lands* instead of being a hindrance. Also, it is in the summer and autumn, when rain hinders the hay and the corn harvest, that the labour of tilling the land for corn and forage crops can be best undertaken—in other words, "the rain that stops the reaper starts the plough."

The possibility of carrying out the maximum amount of tillage operations in summer and autumn during wet weather, and generally distributing the labour more evenly throughout the year, is of even more importance when the work is done with the assistance of a tractor than when horses and horse implements alone are used. Because of the better wheel grip the haulage force of a tractor is at least 25 per cent. greater under the drier soil conditions obtaining in summer than under the wet soil conditions such as invariably exist in springtime.

The idea of sowing corn in summer, grazing it, or even cutting it green, in late autumn or early spring, and then obtaining a second growth in the form of a ripened corn crop, may seem at first revolutionary in the extreme. Such, however, is not the case, as with many features of the Continuous Cropping system this apparent revolution in tillage operations really consists of the application of very elementary scientific principles.

In this connection the writer is much indebted to the researches of Professor Klebs of Heidelberg.[1] This investigator, experimenting with both a low and a high type of plant (the fungus *Saprolegnia mixta*, and the common house leek *Sempervivum funkii*) found that by

[1] Croonian Lecture: "Alterations in the Development and Forms of Plants as a Result of Environment." Proceedings of Royal Society, B. vol. lxxxii. (1910).

altering the environment of these forms of plant life, the reproductive or " ripening " act could be accelerated or retarded, or even completely checked—that is to say, the plant could be " induced " to continue vegetative growth without ripening or could be " induced " to ripen earlier than would be the case under normal circumstances. Klebs's experiments are deserving of the most patient study on the part of the plant biologist. For our immediate purpose it will suffice to state that ripening of a plant may be retarded (1) by heavy dressing of nitrogenous manure; (2) by growing under blue, dark or frosty glass, or under shaded conditions generally.

One cannot put a field of corn under glass or even shade the field by a canvas covering. No, but if one sows corn in July, by the time the crop is ready to put forth the flowering shoot—October—nature, through the cloudy conditions obtaining at that period of the year and the shorter days, will have produced the very shaded conditions one desires. Further, by applying a liberal dressing of nitrogenous manures, one can assist nature and ensure that, if the corn does shoot and dry weather obtains in late autumn, fertilisation will not take place. Hence, if the corn is cut or grazed before the advent of winter, and if the other details are attended to, a second growth will result in the following year. Similarly by numerous experiments, the writer has proved that with corn sown in autumn, say mid or early August, grazed or even cut in the following early summer (before fertilisation takes place), a second growth will result provided a sufficiency of manurial ingredients, especially nitrogenous, are applied. Just what the possibilities of this system are one cannot at present say. They seem to be far greater than the writer originally anticipated. For instance, one of his fellow investigators, Dr. Gordon Reeve (Chesham, Bucks) sowed wheat in the summer of 1917, grazed it with sheep throughout the entire year, that is until the following May, then allowed it to ripen

as a corn crop. The soil on this field was very poor, and yet in the autumn of 1918 the crop of ripened wheat was the heaviest in the whole district. Another fellow investigator, Lord Tollemache (Peckforton Castle, Cheshire) sowed corn on rich land in the spring of 1918, and gave it a very liberal manuring with nitrogenous and phosphatic manures. The crop was cut green for silage in late June of the same year, when about four feet high, and a corn crop well up to the average, and unlike other corn crops in the district, one which stood up, was reaped in the late August of the same year. Another client, Mr. Frank T. Walley of Tilstone Bank Dairy (Tarporley, Cheshire), sowed a mixed corn crop in August, 1916, cut the corn in early June of the following year and cut it a second time as a ripened grain crop in the following August. Though the yield of the grain crop, owing to the prolonged dry weather which followed the cutting and the late harvest, was only three-fourths of an ordinary grain crop, this was offset by the yield of hay (four tons per statute acre) which the first crop yielded.

Except on rich land, the cutting of a summer-sown corn crop in either autumn or spring is not recommended. It is better to graze the crop, preferably with sheep; and a point of great importance in this connection is that, by grazing the crop in sections (one portion in late autumn, another in early winter, another in early spring, and another in late spring), it is possible to "induce" the different sections to ripen with intervals of a few days between each section. This enables a farmer to divide out the labour and risks of harvesting over an extended period. It may be mentioned that all the summer corn, unless grazed very late in summer, will ripen earlier than corn sown at the normal period.

By obtaining an earlier harvest, not only are the crop's chances of ripening and the farmer's chance of saving the crop increased, but the subsequent cultivation and sowing of the corn stubble with the following tare crop

can be done earlier. To attempt to get down a second crop before the advent of winter, after corn sown at the ordinary time, is seldom successful except on a very limited area. One great economic advantage of a tare crop is that the vetches contained in the mixture have the power of absorbing a large amount of nitrogen—the dearest manurial ingredient—from the atmosphere. Also the mixed tare crop is very nutritious, especially in albuminoids. An analysis of hay made from tares was recently undertaken by the Department of Agriculture for the writer. The analysis gave the following results :—

Moisture	..	14·62 per cent.
Oil ..	..	2·72 ,,
Albuminoids	..	15·12 ,,
Carbohydrates	..	41·12 ,,
Woody Fibre	..	20·8 ,,
Ash, including sand	..	5·55 ,,
		100·00

Now practically every farmer in Ireland buys a large amount of foreign cattle feeding stuffs for home consumption. His reason for so doing—though many a farmer, due to lack of education, does not know it—is that the ordinary farm crops are very deficient in the all-essential albuminoids, whereas such foods as Cotton, Linseed and Palm Nut Cake are rich in this constituent, and when blended with home grown food make what is known as a Balanced Ration. With a plentiful supply of tare hay, foreign food stuffs can be dispensed with, since a ton of such hay will contain practically as great a quantity of albuminoids as 18 cwt. of Palm Nut Cake, and at one-fourth the cost.

It will thus be seen that the growing of a tare crop increases the nitrogen in the land and the nitrogen—albuminoids—of the food grown on the farm. The winter greens which follow the tare crops are specially responsive

to nitrogenous manures. Hence the economy of preceding these crops by tares. Winter greens, as already indicated, are forage crops, some of them long established, others recently introduced by the writer, but all of which are very rapid in growth and will grow at a low temperature, that is, through the winter. They are intended to replace roots, which as stated in a previous article, entail an enormous amount of hand labour.

When grown under proper conditions, invariably that dread disease, " damping off " (*Pythium de Baryum*), makes its appearance amongst a winter green crop. In fact the dense growth of the winter greens causes the disease to appear, but at the time the disease becomes apparent the crop itself is so advanced in growth as to be immune. Not so the weeds, which the pythium readily attacks and kills off. Perhaps the latter feature is the most striking example of applied Agricultural Science ; for this disease, the dread of the farmer and gardener, can under the conditions named be of the greatest utility. Immediately the winter greens are cut away in springtime, the disease exposed to light and air dies off. Hence there is no danger of carrying on this disease to the following crop of flax or potatoes.

Dr. Russell, of the Rothamstead Experimental Station, has carried out some epoch-making experiments in connection with the loss of soil nitrogen in drainage water. As the results of his investigations, he found that from September 13th to February 15th, 1911-12,

Rich land lost the equivalent of 504 lbs. nitrate of soda per acre ;

Poor land lost the equivalent of 168 lbs. nitrate of soda per acre.

Average loss, the equivalent of 336 lbs. of nitrate of soda per acre.

In his presidential address—Agricultural Section, British Association Meeting, Newcastle-on-Tyne, 1916—Dr. Russell stated :—" Wastage of nitrates in winter can

be greatly reduced, but the process requires suitable crops and rapid cultivation methods. Wibberley has discussed several schemes of cultivation that satisfied these requirements which cover the land at the critical time when these losses would occur."

The following is the result of a large scale experiment carried out by the writer on an Irish farm in 1916-1917 :— On a field, cropped during summer with tares, winter greens were sown in summer. On one acre (Plot 1) the crop was eaten down absolutely bare by October 28th, so that it would not grow through the winter. The remaining 7 acres (Plot 2) were lightly grazed in autumn, 1916, and allowed to grow through winter. It gave quite a good crop and was grazed—the grazing was done by sheep from March 9th to April 25th. Then in early May both plots were tilled and manured. The manuring and tilling were uniform throughout. A portion of both plots was planted at the same time with the same variety of potatoes —Arran Chief. The crops at the end of the experiment were carefully weighed, with the following results :—

	Yield of Potatoes per statute acre.		
	Tons.	Cwts.	Qrs.
Cropped in winter, 1916-17 ..	9	0	0
Uncropped in winter, 1916-17 ..	6	8	3
Increase yield of cropped over uncropped portion ..	2	11	1

These winter green crops all produce an abundance of leafy foliage, and the most elementary insight into plant life teaches that the leaves of a plant, like the lungs of an animal, are constantly exhaling moisture. Now it has been found that, for every pound of dry matter in a plant, 250 lbs. of water are expelled by the leaves. In rape, for instance, there is 14 per cent. of dry matter. Hence, even in a 25 ton crop per statute acre there will be $3\frac{1}{2}$ tons of dry matter. Since 250 parts of water are required for the elaboration of one part of dry matter,

it follows that, for the production of $3\frac{1}{2}$ tons of dry matter, 875 tons of water are required. One inch of rainfall is practically equal to 100 tons of water per statute acre. Therefore, by growing during the winter half year 25 tons of winter greens, we rid the land by leaf evaporation of nearly 9 inches of rainfall. The root action of the winter greens also facilitates drainage, and between this and leaf evaporation one would be safe in saying that, by cropping a field with winter greens, we rid the land of about the equivalent of 12 inches of rainfall. This statement is not made upon purely theoretical grounds; it is based on experiments conducted by the writer.

In spite of the fact that all the writer's research work has been carried out during the last sixteen years in Ireland, the system has made far greater headway in other countries, notably in England and Wales. The latest statistics available show that in England and Wales during 1919 the acreage under tares, compared with the preceding year, increased by 14,970 acres, or 24 per cent. As regards winter greens, the acreage under Giant Rape increased by 55 per cent., under Kale and similar crops by 32 per cent., and under White Mustard by no less a figure than 153 per cent., whilst the area under pasture decreased by 19,780 acres. Apart from the fact that the English and Welsh Agricultural Authorities, by publishing broadcast articles from the pen of the writer and arranging for him to lecture at nearly every Agricultural College and under the auspices of nearly every County Committee in England and Wales, the great progress the system has made is probably more largely due to the fact that our Irish farmer, compared with his English and Welsh contemporary, has practically lost the art of tillage. How could it be otherwise when we have in Ireland only about 11 acres out of every 100 under the plough? Further, in spite of all the efforts of the Department and the enormous sums of money this body has spent on educational work in Ireland, the average Irish farmer

has little knowledge of the scientific side of his industry. To repeat what I have said in a previous article and to state the case as mildly as possible—much of the effort of the Department is misdirected. Sooner or later they must attempt a system of tillage and a system of education in accordance with Ireland's needs ; their teaching must be developed on *applied scientific lines* and, as a natural concomitant, Demonstration Farms must be started in every county in Ireland. That such a system would meet with a warm response from the Irish farmer is now beyond all question. The writer has already dealt with the response to his and his colleagues' efforts at Belfast University ; as regards the work only recently started at the University College, Cork, so great was the desire on the part of farmers' sons to attend an extended course of lectures on the lines indicated above that, with practically no advertisement whatsoever, the students turned up in such numbers that only two-thirds of those wishing to attend the course could be accommodated. Every student who has been enrolled is either a farmer or a farmer's son. And yet one hears people constantly lamenting the backwardness and conservatism of the Irish farmer.

T. Wibberley.

CHRONICLE.

I.—Kuno Meyer, 1858-1919.[1]

BY WILHELM SCHULZE, PH.D.

Professor of Comparative Philology in the University of Berlin.

DURING the past fifty years the University of Berlin has had three distinguished professors of Celtic Philology, each the bearer of a name destined to live in the annals of scholarship. But some sinister fate seems to have ruled their lives at this University ; for not one of them was spared to establish a firm tradition or found a school of young Celtologists. This has meant a serious loss to us, because Celtic philology is indispensable for the study of Teutonic philology and for a just appreciation of our national growth.

In the remote past a linguistic and intellectual interchange took place between Celts and Germans. The remarkable likeness of personal names in Old Irish and Old German points to an early assimilation in custom and manners. Our ancestors seem to have come into contact with the material things of Mediterranean civilization through their Celtic neighbours. In the fourth century Ireland, which had never been conquered by Roman imperialism, opened its doors to Christianity. With the Gospel Roman culture was introduced and carefully fostered, but without loss to Celtic literature. Early in the middle ages Irish missionaries and founders of monasteries, such as Columban and Gall, became the educators of Germans, teaching them higher forms of culture. The Celtic nations long continued to influence and stimulate Teutonic civilization. Towering heights of German literature are based on the rock of Celtic imagination. Parsifal and Tristan were creations of Celtic origin before they entered world-literature in German and Romance attire. In fact the Ariadne thread which may lead tentative research through the labyrinth of our cultural growth is held by Celtic philology alone. But that does not exhaust our

[1] An oration delivered in Berlin on January 28, 1920, before the Fichte-Hochschulgemeinde.

indebtedness to this science; for we Germans stand in need of Celtic philology in our antiquarian researches into the ethnological and geographical conditions of the past. It was no mere accident but a logical necessity that led Zeuss, the pioneer of Celtic philology, to write that remarkable work, *The Germans and their Neighbouring Tribes.*

These general remarks will help us to realise how much we have lost in the early deaths of the three great scholars, Hermann Ebel, Heinrich Zimmer and Kuno Meyer. Ebel, who was the first in order of time, lived but three short years after his appointment to the Chair of Franz Bopp, the founder of Indo-European Comparative Philology. Zimmer, whose powerful mind swept in bold flight over the whole field of Celtology, came to us when an all-devouring energy had already well-nigh consumed his apparently inexhaustible strength. And now we have to mourn the loss of the latest and youngest of this triad, Kuno Meyer, cut off before he had taken root in his new sphere of activity or found time to mould the rising generation of his native country by his inspiring influence as a teacher and organiser. He has been taken from us in the midst of his work, full of plans for the future, plans which his active mind had long harboured and which would have yielded a rich harvest.

And what is worse, we shall perhaps never again find so able and so well prepared a mind to execute these or similar plans. Kuno Meyer had opportunities such as no German may hope to enjoy for many a year. As a boy and later on as a student, he had grown familiar with the English language and literature. A sojourn of several years in Scotland and England had initiated him into the customs and manners of the English, and thus quite unconsciously the first step was taken which was to lead on to his life's work, the study of Irish. The Celtic race in the western isle, which was ruled by England, had in many parts adopted the language of its conqueror and oppressor; but through centuries of persecution and unrest it had victoriously struggled against absorption by the Anglo-Saxons and had kept its nationality alive.

In Ireland, indeed, there have always been men who, in the days of the greatest decline of their native language, loyally preserved the precious heritage of the national tradition; but, for a scientific investigation of this tradition, the necessary means were wanting. The British Government, at all times seeking its own interests, gave no encouragement to a revival of Celtic learning.

Johann Caspar Zeuss, a German, was the father of this revival. By a study of the glosses of Irish monks in Latin manuscripts

preserved in the monasteries of the Continent, he succeeded in bringing to light the oldest written forms of Irish speech. By careful comparison with other Celtic languages and by ingenious interpretation he made Old Irish an intelligible instrument for the study of ancient Irish history. The science of Celtic philology dates from the publication of his *Grammatica Celtica* in 1853. All that went before was of an amateurish and untrustworthy nature. The linguistic problems presented difficulties which could be solved only by a happy combination of searching criticism and subtle interpretation.

Professor Windisch [1] carried forward the work of Zeuss by supplying the young science with the first text-books for the study of Old Irish literature. He also enriched it with an Irish grammar and dictionary. It was under his direction that Kuno Meyer took up the study of Irish and edited in 1884 an Irish version of the Alexander Legend. This dissertation obtained for him the degree of Ph.D. in the University of Leipzig. His appointment to a lectureship in Teutonic languages in University College, Liverpool, soon followed, and with this the lines of his future development were definitely settled. Henceforth he was within easy reach of Ireland, and of Wales with its kindred population, and of English libraries with their treasures of Old and Middle Irish literature awaiting a discoverer or first editor. Friendly intercourse with other scholars in England and Ireland helped to encourage and further his work. But above all, during twenty-seven years, he was in constant touch with the object of his studies—Ireland. To a knowledge derived from books he now added the living reality of the country and its people. Is it not sad that an early death should have suddenly cut short the life of one so gifted before he had time to impart to us the riches of learning which he had so laboriously garnered ?

During those happy and fruitful years spent in England, Kuno Meyer found his chief field of study in Old Irish literature. Here, according to his own words, he listened to "the earliest voice borne down from the dawn of West European civilization." And here it is only by philological and historical research that one may hope to conjure up the shadowy outlines of the ancient peoples of our Continent. The collisions of the warring races and the march of the victorious Indo-Europeans of Celtic speech left their mark on the language, on the subjects of the old heroic romances and on the historical traditions of Ireland. But the stormy Viking

[1] [For an obituary notice of Windisch see *Studies*, June, 1919.—Editor.

times, which had abruptly awakened the island from its centuries of peace and kept it for generations under the paralysing fear of an impending conquest, destroyed or scattered the old manuscripts of Ireland, so that of the literature of this and former epochs very little has been preserved in its original form.

Still considerable remnants of unique historical importance found their way into the great collectanea of the eleventh and following centuries. It was on the Old Irish glosses of these continental manuscripts that Zeuss based his monumental work, *Grammatica Celtica.* They have proved invaluable not only as aids to the exact grammatical interpretation of the literary works contained in later copies, but also as means of dating them and restoring them to their original form. Thus we are gradually succeeding in sifting the specimens of the oldest Irish heroic legends, lyrics, etc., in fixing the centuries to which they belong, and in assigning to each its historical place in literature.

In this pioneer work Kuno Meyer took a prominent part. With unwearied energy he applied himself to a task whose immense scope would have deterred a less vigorous mind. His efforts were rewarded with new discoveries, which were an encouraging sign of steady progress; for a young science derives new forces and new aids to interpretation from the growth of material—each new text helps to solve the problems of those already known.

Immediately after settling in England, Kuno Meyer, emulating Whitley Stokes, whose activity had begun twenty-five years earlier, set to work to explore the remaining MSS. of Irish literature and to collect the scattered material from various libraries. He was helped in this by his keen love of travel, which reminds one of the restless nature of those old Irish monks who were at once ardent missionaries and diligent scribes. Like them Kuno Meyer loved the quiet of solitudes. Admiration for the things of nature, which found a surprisingly early expression in Irish poetry, struck a responsive chord in his soul. He dedicated an edition of such verse to some friends in memory of a gipsy tour which they made together through Wales, "exchanging for a while the flockbed of civilization for the primitive couch of the earth."

From 1885 an uninterrupted series of editions of the most diverse texts bore witness to the immense energy of the scholar at work. English translations and lexicographical notes are as a rule added to these editions. The notes explain and defend the rendering, whilst the translations are intended for the wider circle of readers whom ignorance of the language has debarred from access to the originals. These translations, as pioneer work in virgin

soil, demanded no little courage; but Meyer's strong desire to benefit future generations brushed aside all fears of misconception or hostile criticism.

This strong desire to help posterity was responsible also for another great work—the preparation and organisation of an Irish dictionary. What the Irish owe to Kuno Meyer's profound knowledge and untiring energy in the field of lexicology cannot be easily exaggerated. If they shall one day be in a position to survey the wealth of their language and of their ancient history in a standard dictionary based on sources, they will owe it, in no small measure, to a German who made their cause his own—not in a political but cultural sense.

In his choice of matter Kuno Meyer followed a well-defined line which is in obvious contrast to that pursued by Whitley Stokes. Didactic and purely learned material, which would chiefly be of grammatical, antiquarian, theological or historical interest, is not given prominence, whilst everything that is apt to reflect the specific form of the Irish genius is dwelt upon, such as romance, gnomic literature and lyrics—that is, subjects which appeal to the imagination and feelings of the reader. During the last years of his life, if we except lexicology, it was ancient Irish poetry that chiefly occupied his attention.

Here, too, Kuno Meyer was a pioneer. From their hiding places, from the margins of medieval manuscripts, and from scattered quotations he tried to recover these obscure specimens of Irish antiquity. By collecting, translating and explaining them he restored in some way their lost tradition. It is difficult for one who is not a specialist to form an adequate idea of the difficulties which an editor and interpreter of such texts encounters at every step, and it adds to Kuno Meyer's fame that he boldly faced the task without assistance from any predecessors—without a *Bahnbrecher* to prepare the way. He wished to regain the lost sense of these verses and hand it on, with its ancient charm and inspiration, in a form intelligible to English readers; for in Ireland, notwithstanding the insuperable national contrast, large numbers of the population speak only the English language. Hence the selection of Ancient Irish Poetry which he translated into English and published. Indeed all Kuno Meyer's work, apart from its purely scientific aims, had the ulterior purpose of furthering the cause which he had so much at heart—namely, Irish literature as the guardian of a unique tradition. In his lectures and writings he unceasingly endeavoured to stir the English public and the Universities to take an interest in the almost unknown and despised language of Ireland.

His endeavours in this direction bore ample fruit, but especially in Ireland, which had been in imminent danger of losing its native speech and its national soul in the rising flood of British imperialism.

About the time Kuno Meyer began his studies, Heinrich Zimmer paid a visit to Ireland. From his travels Zimmer brought back the impression that in the island a knowledge of the vernacular went hand in hand with illiteracy; those who had learned the art of reading and writing had forgotten their native tongue, if ever they had been able to use it. When, after a life's work of twenty-seven years, Kuno Meyer, freeman of the cities of Dublin and Cork, left England to return for good to his native land, Ireland possessed a National University which had made Irish an essential subject for matriculation. It is no mere coincidence that Kuno Meyer's activity in England falls into the same period as the renascence of Irish studies; those two facts have a certain relation of cause and effect. The German scholar who studied Irish under a Leipzig professor founded the first scientific periodical devoted to the investigation of the Irish language; he founded also the School of Irish Learning, directed it during several years, and did not cease to watch with interest its development when he passed from Liverpool to Berlin. His name will always be connected with the history of the Irish nation struggling towards intellectual and political freedom. And yet we should wrong his memory if we were to ascribe political motives or aims to his work as a scholar.

Kuno Meyer devoted his whole energy to the investigation of Irish nationality in its historical bearings. While engaged in this work, he learned to love the object of his study and, impelled by his love, he honestly endeavoured to enlighten the English, as the people most closely concerned, on the individuality and intrinsic worth of the Irish element. He would not have the Irish note omitted from the full chorus of nations; for, as a German, he loved a rich *floraison* of all organic and cultural life. A dull grey uniformity, such as the levelling influence of Anglo-Saxon custom and thought seeks to spread over the world, is not the German ideal.

This evening is devoted to the memory of Kuno Meyer,[1] and our

[1] ORDNUNG DER GEDÄCHTNISFEIER.

I. Marsch aus *Die Zauberflöte* ... ... Mozart.
II. Eröffnung durch den Vorsitzenden stud. iur. de la Chevallerie.
III. Rede des Geheimen Regierungsrates Prof. Dr. Wilhelm Schulze, ord. Professor an der Universität zu Berlin.
IV. *Eileen-Aroon* ... ... Irische Volksweise.
V. Rede des Dr. Pfeiffer, M. d. N.
VI. Rede des Oberst Emerson, Liga der unterdrückten Völker.
VII. *Letzte Rose* ... ... Irische Volksweise.

hearts mourn for what we have lost in him. But the feeling of pride that a man such as he was a German helps us to bear our sorrow. His unselfish work has taken deep root and will bear fruit in due time. During many years he laboured as a pioneer of German scholarship in foreign lands and thus won honour for his country. Through the medium of his learning he helped to awaken the national consciousness of the Irish and taught them to envisage their own past as a living power which promised and guaranteed a great future. WILHELM SCHULZE.

II.—Canon Peter O'Leary and Dr. Kuno Meyer.

BY DOUGLAS HYDE, LL.D., D.LITT.,

Professor of Modern Irish, University College, Dublin.

I pleaded with the Editor of *Studies* that some one possessing a more intimate personal knowledge of Canon O'Leary than I could boast of, should be chosen to couple here his name and memory with that of Kuno Meyer, even as their names were coupled on all men's mouths when, on the 26th of June, 1911, the Dublin Corporation did itself and them the honour of conferring upon them on the same day the Freedom of the city, a gracious act which was followed by Cork city in the following September. I could not prevail with the Editor, but I still think that some one from the Southern province who knew "Father Peter" (as we fondly called him) better than I did should have been chosen for this labour of love.

Although I only met Canon O'Leary about four times in the flesh, and then only for brief periods, yet I often corresponded, and exchanged books with him, and generally knew what he was about to do in the world of Irish literature. I am of opinion, however, that (even with his disappearance from the scene of his activities) the time has not yet come to properly appraise his work, still less the results which that work is likely to have upon the future of Irish literature; and when I say upon the future of Irish literature, I mean something more—the future of Ireland itself.

It seems altogether reasonable to couple Father Peter with Dr. Kuno Meyer, a man whom personally I knew much better, because these two, each in his own way—and they were quite different ways—did work for Irish nationalism through the medium of Irish literature, which nobody else did, or in my opinion could have done.

Kuno Meyer, like Father Peter, one of the most lovable men who ever existed, and himself undoubtedly in love with Ireland, called the attention not only of the world, but what was perhaps harder, the attention of Irishmen themselves, especially those of them who regretted that they were Irish, to the value of Irish literature in the evolution of Western European thought from the sixth century onward. Father Peter on the other hand continued that literature, and showed us all that its creative force had not come to an end, and that what it had done in the past it was perfectly competent to do again, and that in fact, in his hands, it was doing it. Kuno Meyer established the School of Irish Learning, bringing us back into the long past centuries. Father Peter grasped us as we are in the present, and by his masterly handling of the living speech projected us along the road which we must travel if the future is to be a rational continuation of the past.

I well remember how, when the Gaelic League was just six years old, and beginning painfully to turn the corner, some of its enemies led by the late Provost of Trinity College made an attempt to stem the tide, by assuring a Viceregal Commission which sat to enquire into Intermediate Education in Ireland, that Irish literature where it was not religious was silly, and where it was not silly was indecent, and that this being so the Irish language should have no place in any such education. I at once wrote to Windisch of Leipzig, M. Dottin of Rennes, Zimmer, then of Greifswald, Holger Pedersen of Copenhagen, and half a dozen more Celticists explaining the Trinity attack at length, and asking repeatedly and urgently for their assistance to counter it; and the powerful letters I received from these men helped us to repel the attack with great damage to the other side. But it was perhaps Kuno Meyer who in the end won us our victory. Dr. Salmon, the Provost of Trinity College at that time, was a member of this Commission, and he was very anxious not to have a mere Irishman examining in "Celtic," as the language was then called—I suppose because it sounded more respectable than "Irish." He looked round for a learned foreigner, because he was profoundly suspicious of us all, and imagined (quite wrongly, of course) that the Irish examiners were marking much too high [1] He asked Dr. Delany plaintively:

[1] "About this Irish question," he said, "what I really think is that the teachers get pupils to learn the language who do not want to study it at all and in order to make up marks."—Question 1158. Dr. Todd Martin followed up what Dr. Salmon had said by the question:—"Don't you think that every boy who is encouraged to take Irish is, in so far as that is concerned, withdrawn from the subjects that will promote his future career"? This powerful argument was countered when the County Councils called for a knowledge of Irish.

"How could you check the Irish Examiners when you don't know Irish" ?—meaning, "How could we, the Intermediate Commissioners, check them" ? And Dr. Delany retorted : "On the advice of the experts." So now was an opportunity for bringing in an expert against whom the Gaelic League could not cavil, and Kuno Meyer, whom none of the Trinity College people suspected of any fondness for Irish, except a philological one, was invited to overlook the examinations for the Intermediate Board. There was a good deal of angry comment at the time on the introduction of a foreigner to examine over the heads of native Irish scholars, and Dr. O'Hickey in particular was bitterly annoyed at it, and wrote rather furiously. In the face of this Kuno Meyer hesitated about accepting the invitation, but I urged him strongly ; for I suspected what the upshot would be, and wrote to Dr. O'Hickey and others asking them not to publicly object. The result was what I had foreseen. Kuno Meyer's marks were even higher than those of the "native" examiners, and his report was a complete and absolute vindication of all that the Gaelic League and the Irish examiners before him had done. The enemies of the language faced by the report of the foreign expert whom they themselves had chosen collapsed helplessly, and there was little trouble with them for a long time afterwards. Except for this action of Kuno Meyer's it is more than likely that the language would have experienced at this time a crushing blow by being practically elbowed out of the Intermediate Examination.

At this period one great difficulty was to find good modern books for students. This was a difficulty which Father Peter did more than anyone else to overcome. His first book of any considerable size—and in my opinion his best—the inimitable and never to be forgotten *Séadna*, brought the language of the people into modern literature with a sureness and lightness of touch that has never been surpassed, and that elevated it at once into a classic. This book has since passed through the hands of thousands and thousands of boys and girls preparing for the Intermediate. This work of his was followed up by many more, for although he began so late in life (when he was nearly 60) he became an indefatigable writer.

His habit was, he told me, to elevate his feet and lie back in an easy chair with a cushion or board before him on which he wrote, thus avoiding the fatigue of bending over a table.

Canon O'Leary's great merit—at least in my opinion—is that he utterly turned his back upon everything that was bookish and old and unclear, and turned his face resolutely towards the folk

speech of his native county of Cork, which he wrote with a crystal clearness which has never been surpassed. He showed us, and indeed it was to many a revelation, what a splendid medium for literature the speech of the common people was, and how suitable it was to express the whole gamut of the emotions, and how descriptive and strong it could become in the hands of an expert. He went far (as far as it was in the power of any man to do it) towards making the language of his native place the literary language for a great part of Ireland; for it is almost safe to assume that even in the other provinces no one who did not know Irish previously now learns to read it without making acquaintance with his books, while it is equally certain that of no other writer from any of the four provinces could the same thing be said.

I am not here going to appraise Father Peter's works as literature. I think *Séadna*, which is in European literature (so far as I know) quite *sui generis*, will stand the test of time. I have never met anything like it in its own way. His long novel *Niamh*, about Brian Boraimhe and the battle of Clontarf, though perhaps lacking in atmosphere and in grip of the difficult and far-off times with which it deals, I personally found interesting and very readable, but I know others who have not so found it.

He produced in rapid succession just such a series of books as one would have liked him to produce. He modernised and retold some of the great stories of Ireland, the story of Bricriu from the old Fled Bricrend; the story of the Imtheacht na Tromdháimhe from the Book of Lismore under the title of *Guaire;* the story of Mac Conglinne (which Kuno Meyer had edited) under the title of the *Craos-deamhan* or *Demon of Gluttony;* he retold the old tale of the Battle of Moy Mochruime, contained in the Book of Leinster, under the title of *Lughaidh Mac Con;* he retold the story of Fergus mac Leide under the title of *Eisirt*—and personally I found this one of the most pleasing of all his retellings—and he even gave us the *Táin Bó Chuailgne* itself thrown into a dramatic form—but not into a form that could be acted, or which he intended to be acted; but the throwing of the whole saga into this form was just the kind of thing which suited his own genius, and brought out the amazing versatility in dialogue of the medium which he used.[1] Whether, however, this form given it in the ordinary speech of to-day, no matter how ably done, is consonant with the dignity of that great and ancient piece of literature is a question which

[1] He says himself:—"The form of Dialogue is the form in which the full strength and beauty of the language has manifested itself to me during my whole life."

different people will answer in different ways. It certainly jars upon me when Oilill calls his queen "a 'ghnín ó," and Mac Roth the herald asseverates "ambasa" and "tá' 'n deoch go maith a chlann ó"! and much of this same familiar everyday speech meets one on almost every page.

In addition to this mass of interesting and valuable native matter he found time to make many translations, as of Don Quixote, the Cataline Conspiracy, Imitatio Christi, the Fables of Æsop, and other things. He also wrote two volumes of sermons, and they are certainly the most pleasing sermons that I ever read, and it is only last week that I heard Dr. Von Sydow, the well-known Swedish folklorist of the University of Lund express the same opinion. Such is the amazing and unique clarity of the style that I have often taken up one of these discourses and translated it aloud into English at sight, whole pages at a time, almost as though I were reading English. This is due to the rooted objection that the writer evidently felt to involved sentences, or to sentences unduly protracted. He is clearness and crispness personified, and never leaves the reader in doubt as to his meaning. In this way the headline which he has set to other writers is wholly admirable. "Ce qui n'est pas clair n'est pas français" was his motto *mutatis mutandis*, and I wish it were the motto of all Irish writers. He wrote a few little plays too; but, as he had no technical knowledge of the theatre, he filled them with so many different scenes that it is nearly impossible to act them.

Canon O'Leary led an active life as a priest. He was born in 1839 at Cluaindroichead, the most western parish of the diocese of Cloyne. He has given us a full history of himself in his autobiography.[1] He entered the Diocesan College at Fermoy when Dr. Croke was its President, and went on to Maynooth, where he became a student. He administered the parishes of Kilworth, Rathcormac, Doneraile, and Castlelyons. He became Canon in 1906. His golden jubilee was celebrated in 1917, and the National University conferred upon him the degree of LL.D. two years later. He died on the 21st March, 1920. Canon O'Leary had no enemies, so that his life may be pronounced to have been eminently peaceful, useful, and happy. We all loved him—I treasure the most delightful letters from him—and I never met anyone who knew him intimately who was not enthusiastic about him as a humorist, a conversationalist, and a companion.

An Craoibín.

[1] Characteristically entitled by him "mo Sgeal féin."

REVIEWS.

Agriculture.

ANIMAL FOODSTUFFS: Their Production and Consumption, with a special reference to the British Empire. By E. W. Shanahan, M.A., D.Sc.Econ. London: Routledge. 1920. 10*s.* 6*d.* net.

The subject of this book was presented as a thesis for the degree of Doctor of Science in Economics in the University of London. The author was brought up on a farm in New Zealand and, judging by his name, he is an Irishman. If this be so, it is a thousand pities he did not present his work as a thesis to the National University of Ireland, for it is one of the most admirable books that have ever been written on Agricultural Economics. Somebody described economics as the "dismal science"; but it ceases to be so in the hands of such a master as Dr. Shanahan.

The main object of the book is connected with the production of animal foodstuffs, with special reference to those produced in the British Empire, and the main conclusion is that the supply of animal food stuffs in relation to the human population is decreasing. Some most excellent statistical facts are given as regards Ireland. Dr. Shanahan points out (how often has the Reviewer tried to ram home the fact) that Ireland, in consequence of its soil and damp climate, is far more suitable to forage cropping and live stock farming than to cereal production. On one point, however, we would join issue with the author. In speaking of Ireland he states: "There appears to be no reason why animal industries in Ireland should not become considerably more intensive, given facilities for importing concentrated foodstuffs from abroad." Ireland might well double her output of animal products without importing a single bag of foreign food by simply substituting fodder and forage crops for grass prairie farming. Food imported into an agricultural country like Ireland, from a national standpoint, is dear as a gift.

No one knowing the facts of the case (except perhaps the present Viceroy) will agree with Dr. Shanahan's statement that Ireland was ever over-populated.

The author modestly hopes his work may be of permanent value. He can certainly rest assured on this point. A word of warning—no student of Economics should commence to read this book late at night unless beforehand he has made up his mind not to go to bed.

THOMAS WIBBERLEY.

FARM MANAGEMENT. By Jacob Hiram Arnold, Agriculturalist in the Office of Farm Management, U.S. Department of Agriculture. New York: Macmillan. 1919. $1.25.

MR. Arnold points out that the subject of his book is, from the standpoint of practical farming, probably the most important phase of agricultural study. A close reading of the book leaves one with the impression that the author has by no means done justice to the subject. It is one of those books which, to use an Irish phrase, "is something and nothing all the time." Mr. Arnold deals for instance with such items as the importance of good roads, accessibility of markets, suitability or otherwise of soils for various crops, but these and other matters are dealt with in very general terms. What is wanted is a scientific treatment of the subject of systematic farming, with illustrations of indifferently managed farms and examples of how such farms might be worked to the greatest advantage. Such a work has yet to be written.

THOMAS WIBBERLEY.

Biography.

THE ANONYMOUS POET OF POLAND: Zygmunt Krasinski. By Monica M. Gardner. London: Cambridge University Press. 1919. 12*s.* 6*d.* net.

MISS GARDNER'S aim is "to give the English reader some idea of Zygmunt Krasinski as the poet, the patriot, the mystic, who endowed his nation with much of her greatest poetry and noblest thought, and finally, as the man of tortured and complex character." But, as the preface says, "the very name of Krasinski is unknown in this country." Therefore Miss Gardner provides the reader with copious quotations from the poet's writings linked together

by a thread of narrative and critical appreciation. Indeed she succeeds right well in introducing this interesting but difficult Polish poet to the reader—English or, better still, Irish. For the Irish reader the book has a particular interest—it is a record of the workings of vital national issues on the life (bodily and mental) and the writings of a particularly sensitive "national."

Krasinski is one of the great triumvirate of Polish letters who, enthroned in the first half of the nineteenth century, claim the homage of all the poets of Poland. He is briefly characterised by his fellow-countrymen as the master of thought—in form he did not reach the perfection of either Mickiewicz or Slowacki. His thought is of that "mystic" quality which half-materialises the spiritual and half-spiritualises the material: emotion, imagination, logic and faith are transfused in the process. Beyond all his brother-poets he developed the famous "Messianism" of Polish poetry, namely, Poland is the Christ among the peoples; it had to die and be buried (the Partition of Poland); all its pain is to count for the salvation of the peoples; it shall rise again, and that resurrection shall be the sign of a new age—the *ultima aetas*—when all the tears of all the nations shall be stilled and love reign supreme. With this idea the poet interwove strange ideas—in the ultimate analysis, heretical—about the Trinity and a future Church of the Holy Ghost.

Artificial as all this might seem, one has only to read *Dawn* (better perhaps rendered "Towards the Dawn") to realise that the poet's inspiration was capable of transfusing those ideas with beauty and casting them in the glowing images of perhaps the finest poem in Polish literature. That Krasinski's mystic patriotism was for him a vital issue, "a doctrine with a beating heart," is proved by mere externals of his life; the weak eyes, half-blinded by paroxysms of tears, the anonymity for very shame of a name besmirched by an unpatriotic father whom he yet must love, the death hastened by the violent rents made by his fellow-countrymen in his doctrine of love. That the man's soul was weak and bowed under onslaughts of guilty love or unbelief, does but heighten our pity; his final atonement was worthy of his mystic creed.

Krasinski's sustained thought or magnificent imagery does not crystallize in a few words. Our space permits us to quote only a few thoughts that may interest "smaller nations." His message of hope for such was: "Henceforth [after Christ's Resurrection] no people that has become a nation, dieth on the earth." And elsewhere he defined a nation as "that collection of living spirits which has comprehended the aim to which it tends, that is, humanity

in its highest signification, and has consecrated itself to this by historic deeds, or has so acted as to hasten its apparition and fulfilment." His own nation he would have to be "the Polish people *with* the Polish nobles, as two choirs and but one song. From that marriage but one spirit, the mighty Polish nation, one will, one deed." Of the more poetic beauties, Miss Gardner's book will present fair store.

In criticism of Miss Gardner's book, it may be said that she has attempted too much in the space. To provide at once a selection from the poet's works and a critical account of his activities imposes exacting tests on any writer. So on the one hand Miss Gardner has allowed herself too many liberties in translating—*e.g.*, *Dawn*, where she mixes prose renderings with verse and paraphrases, and often even omits without indicating an omission; on the other hand one misses from her appreciation of the poet a resumé of his literary qualities (especially important where the poet wrote in a foreign tongue) or some fuller notice of "Messianism" in its development. But Miss Gardner has given so much that to ask for more is to be ungrateful for a book that will interest many in this other "land of crosses and of graves," to which also one day the Lord may haply give "after long martyrdom . . . what I promised on Golgotha—freedom" (Krasinski's *Iridion*).

D. J. F.

GEORGE BUBB DODINGTON. By Lloyd Sanders. London: Lane. 1919. 16*s.* net.

This is rather a dull book. Its subject: George Bubb by baptism, and Dodington by act of parliament, was an 18th century politician, a luminary of the second magnitude in the firmament in which shone Walpole, Chatham and Bute. Having left memoirs in which he tells too much about himself, he is taken as a type of 18th century corruption. For some reason it is often assumed that the age of Walpole was a very corrupt one. If we knew the facts about our time as well as about Walpole's, we should probably look upon the Walpole era as one of exceptional public honesty. For one thing the amount of money within the reach of a politician, even allowing for differences in value, was enormously less then than now, and owing to the lack of organisation of the party system and the press, especially the press and party of the opposition, criticism of such matters was much freer in those days.

Dodington was not corrupt in the sense of being a gain seeker. He was too well off. A hack politician by nature,

his machinations were chiefly directed to getting and keeping office. In the end he attained the great object of his ambitions—a peerage. He was remarkable for a certain honest patronage of literature, not usual in men of his class. Edward Young of "Night Thoughts," and Thomson of the "Seasons," were among those he befriended. He was something of a minor poet himself, and his friendship with Young was a genuine tie all to his credit. Everybody, however, united in proclaiming Dodington a coxcomb (whatever that is); he had or affected a taste in all the arts. As a minister he was capable and comparatively honest.

This book goes far to explain the *lues boswelliana* of so many biographers. It suffers from the opposite defect. The author has and expresses so little admiration for his hero that he perpetually repels the reader. Why sacrifice one's time to the story of a man for whom so little good can be written? Yet more perhaps could be said for Dodington despite his weaknesses than his biographer will allow. A. E. C.

Classics.

PLATON. Von Ulrich von Wilamowitz-Moellendorff. Erster Band: Leben und Werke. Berlin: Weidmann. 1919.

A book on Plato by Wilamowitz would at any time be an event of first-rate importance. But the present work (a bulky volume of 750 pages) has a special interest owing to the circumstances under which it was written and produced. The preface, dated Christmas, 1917, concludes with the confident assurance that Germany, for whose honour the labour of composition was cheerfully endured, would be able to withstand all assaults from without. The dedication, dated November 6, 1918, shows how deeply the German scholar was moved at the sight of his country's disasters. It is addressed to Hermann Diels, a life-long friend, fellow-student and colleague at the University of Berlin; but its message is for scholars the whole world over. Diels and Wilamowitz were prominent in pre-war days as promoters of a scheme to form a world-league of the national Academies of America and Europe, and in 1913 the latter was chosen as spokesman of the German Academies represented at the London international congress for historical studies. Now, when the war has put an end to this amity of scholarship, Wilamowitz speaks out with fine courage. The old friendships will never be renewed—that he recognises, but with regret. There remains the duty of international goodwill and

mutual assistance, and his claim is that this duty is now more urgent than ever. Scholars of every nation must unite in the effort to re-build European civilisation. In Germany these counsels will be given full heed, for during the war Wilamowitz did much to sustain his countrymen's courage. In England his name was once held in high honour ; it will be interesting to see what answer will be given to his appeal. For us it may serve as a useful reminder that our intellectual relations with the Continent have been hitherto guided along too exclusively English channels. Have our Universities and Academies done anything since the war to show that Ireland makes her friendships where she wills, and claims her proper place in the intellectual world-league of nations ?

To turn from the dedication to the book itself. Wilamowitz has always maintained that it is the function of the scholar (*Philolog* cannot be translated) to act as interpreter of the past. In this spirit he wrote his previous studies of Homer, Euripides, Æschylus, the lyric poets and Greek history : the present volume will, we think, be accepted by all as the highest expression, in theory and in realisation, of his lifelong ideal. It is at once a biography of Plato and a study of Plato's works in the light of his character as a man. Only those who have read something of the immense literature, both German and English, which has grown round the Platonic dialogues in the last fifty years, will be able to guess at the erudition which was needed to write such a biography.[1] But every one, whether specialist or general reader, who has the courage to face so large a volume, will feel as he closes the book that he has been in touch with a mind that long familiarity has brought very close to Plato and Platonic thought. And there is more than that. The brilliant sketch of Athens in Plato's youth and in Plato's old age, the portraiture of such minor characters in the story as Kritias and Protagoras, Lysias, Xenophon and Antisthenes, the study of Plato's relations with Dion and Sicily, the analysis of Greek ideas as to education, morals, politics, rhetoric, religion—these are what they are because Wilamowitz has grown to know and love ancient Greece as he knows and loves his own fatherland : and let it be added that Wilamowitz is a master of German prose. The book would be worth publishing if only for the translations (often several pages in length) which it contains.

It may seem rash to attempt the biography of a philosopher whose personality is so lost behind his literary achievement—" the

[1] This erudition hardly appears in the work under review ; it has been reserved for a second volume of notes and appendices.

Homer of philosophy " as Wilamowitz calls him with a new application of Panaetius' phrase. In his preface Wilamowitz recognises this difficulty, and his remark is worth quoting that " Cicero is the first mortal whose biography is really possible ; the amazing thing is that it has never been written." But modern research, often pedantic in appearance, has here achieved a great success, and the critical labours of the last fifty years have established our knowledge of Plato's life on sure foundations. It is instructive to take up Ritter's *Platon* (published in 1910), and compare his tabulated figures as to the opinions of various scholars regarding the chronology and authenticity of the Dialogues. A hundred years ago Schleiermacher constructed his *a priori* scheme, in which the *Phaedrus* appears as the youthful programme of a philosophical Corpus. Fifty years later Grote, in despair at the destructive tendencies of German criticism, declared that he accepted all the Dialogues as authentic, but that no conclusion was possible as to the order in which they were written. Since then Zeller, Campbell, Jackson, Lutoslawski, Ritter, Gomperz and Raeder, combining the study of Platonic style with the study of Platonic philosophy, have added discovery to discovery, and the general outlines of the chronology of Plato's works have been established beyond criticism. Wilamowitz defines the date of each dialogue, sometimes with a precision that seems over-confident ; but we must await the second volume before we pass judgment. And it may safely be asserted that the general truth of his portraiture is not affected by questions of minute detail : the *Ion*, for example, need not necessarily be the first of Plato's works, but it fittingly represents Plato's adieu to poetry in favour of philosophy, and the *Gorgias* is certainly the concluding dialogue of the Socratic period, whether written before or after the first journey to Sicily. On the question of authenticity Wilamowitz is strongly conservative, accepting (with Ritter and many other of the moderns) most of the Letters and almost all the Dialogues. It is a joy to note, here as in the problems of Homeric criticism, the triumphant return of sane conservatism in reaction against the destructive, though often illuminating, scepticism of the last century.

This book is, however, more than a literary biography. Wilamowitz does not write as a professed philosopher ; but he is too familiar with Plato's writings not to sympathise with Plato's thought, nor is he afraid to state his position as to the vexed problems of Platonic philosophy. Formal controversy is rare in these pages, but the book as a whole is directed against the school of which Gomperz is at present the most fashionable representative. Wilamowitz

acknowledges the influence of H. Maier's book on Socrates. With Maier, and against Prof. Burnet, he contends that Socrates had no well-defined ethical or logical system to bequeath to Plato. Personal influence was his great quality, and it was as a man that he determined the course of Plato's thought: "der Mann war unendlich mehr als seine Worte." In the last chapters of the book, too, those writers are vigorously combatted who attempt to reconstruct from Plato's later dialogues a second phase of Platonic philosophy. For Wilamowitz the *Parmenides* is a literary tour-de-force, the *Sophistes* and *Politicus* fragments of a re-statement in new terms of Plato's former system, only intelligible if we view them in their relation to the unwritten *Philosophus*. On these and other points certainty is as yet far from having been attained; but Wilamowitz has done good service in recalling scholars to a study of Plato's thought in the light of his life and character, and in the light of contemporary habits of Greek thought. There is only one fault. In his estimate of Plato, Wilamowitz writes as a Hellenist, not as a Christian; therein lies the tragedy of modern science.

A. G.

Drama.

THE WHITE-HEADED BOY. By Lennox Robinson.
THE DRAGON. By Lady Gregory.
Dublin: The Talbot Press. 1920. 3*s.* 6*d.* net each.
BRICRIU'S FEAST. By Eimar O'Duffy.
THE DAUGHTER OF DONAGH. By Alice L. Milligan.
Dublin: Martin Lester. 1919-1920. 2*s* and 3*s* 6*d.* net.
THE BLACKLEG. By M. F. Waldron.
DEAD MEN'S SHOES. By J. Bernard McCarthy.
Dublin: Duffy. 1919. 1*s.* and 9*d.* net.
RED OWEN. By Dermot O'Byrne. Dublin: The Talbot Press. 1919. 2*s.* net.

Whatever may be thought of the quality of Irish drama there seems to be little reason to complain about the quantity. Here we have no less than seven plays and playlets. Widely different in themes they have one point in common, namely, that they all deal with Ireland. They cover periods from pagan days down to our own times. *Bricriu's Feast* and *The Daughter of Donagh* are what is termed "historical" plays; the first-named being a characteristically clever—and so not a little bitter—piece of satire; the latter a study of Irish life in the days of Cromwell. Mr. O'Duffy's play is in large measure a satire on our "precious" poets and re-

minds the reader of Gilbert's strictures in *Patience* on the pre-Raphaelites. Some of the speeches are rather long, and it is therefore problematical if the piece would make a good acting play. The same may be said of Miss Milligan's work. It gives a vivid picture of the conditions which obtained in this country under the English Republic. The ruse by which the heroine accomplishes the ruin of her father's murderer achieves success too swiftly and too easily, and a judicious pruning of other parts would be necessary before the play could be put on "the boards." Frequenters of "The Abbey" are already familiar with *The Dragon*. It is styled a "wonder-play," and the description is not inapt. Plain folk who experience a difficulty in adapting themselves to authors' moods will perhaps be unable to understand precisely what it is that Lady Gregory is "getting at." She displays all her old skill in introducing Kiltartan phrases and idioms into this play, but the truest criticism on this particular piece is contained perhaps in the old saying that for those who like this kind of thing this is the kind of thing they will like.

Easily the best of the plays under review is that of Lennox Robinson. *The White-headed Boy* has before now given pleasure to "Abbey" audiences. It is in the true "Abbey" tradition. We have the old familiar faces, the petty shopkeepers, the insincere, selfish, soulless denizens of a country town—and of such (if we are to believe "Abbey" playwrights) is the kingdom of Ireland. But there is abundant humour in the play, the dialogue is racy and natural, and the hits on co-operation and such topics are vastly amusing. The play shows us Lennox Robinson at his best in his lighter vein.

Like in kind is Mr. McCarthy's *Dead Men's Shoes*. Quite a good farce this. Somewhat obvious, and devoid of any subtlety whatever, it is none the less a sarcastic, albeit entertaining, skit on the ease with which a man's relations and friends appropriate his belongings when they believe him to be dead. The author calls his play a farcical comedy, and as such it should have a good reception when produced on the stage. *The Blackleg*, by M. F. Waldron, is a grim sketch of slum life. No doubt the picture is not overdrawn, but the deaths of three out of the five characters within a few minutes of the fall of the curtain constitute an instance of what is known as "piling on the agony." In the interests of Art a less heavy death-rate for so slender a sketch is desirable.

What to make of *Red Owen* I must frankly admit I do not know. Here we have a mysterious sort of play inspired it would seem by the writings of Synge. The "meaty" language, the sensual

suggestion of that author are freely copied, and in the result we have a bewildering and fantastic work. Drink, immorality, "wild and whirling words" compose it chiefly. Red Owen himself is another "playboy"—devoid, however, of homicidal tastes. I foresee some lively nights at "The Abbey" if Mr. O'Byrne's play should ever be put on there. WILLIAM DAWSON.

Economics.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF STATE RAILWAY OWNERSHIP. By W. M. Acworth. London: Murray. 1920. 3*s.* 6*d.* net.

THE CASE FOR NATIONALISATION. By A. Emil Davies. London: Allen and Unwin. 1920. 2*s.* 6*d.*

MR. Acworth is known as one of the most authoritative of experts on railway questions. This book is substantially a reprint of evidence he gave to a United States Congress Committee appointed to investigate the railway position. Mr. Acworth's treatment of his subject is sketchy but striking, and though there is no disguise to his strong preference for private ownership against public ownership, he is candid and fair in his arguments. Strong individualist as he is, Mr. Acworth, as one of a Royal Commission of three members, advised the Canadian Government to extend greatly its railway ownership because, as he tells us, two important private companies had overbuilt and were unable to carry the burden that they had assumed. The Government alone had sufficient financial strength for the task. This concession to nationalisation is more important to the general question than Mr. Acworth appears to realise. In Canada, according to his own judgment, and in many other countries as can be demonstrated from his own pages, private enterprise is inadequate to supply a needed public service. Yet he is on strong ground in his main argument that private management is more efficient than public management. Mr. Acworth's book is worthy of the attention of serious students, who may not all, however, agree with his conclusions.

Mr. Davies' book is not a study: it is an arsenal of debating points for the use of Labour Party speakers, and its propaganda purpose no doubt explains why in these hard times we get over 300 closely-printed pages for half-a-crown. "The purpose of this work," says the author, "is to put forward in brief form the replies to the various attacks on nationalisation that are printed so freely

in the Press." There is reprinted a forbiddingly lengthy memorandum by the Secretary of the Post Office replying to criticisms of the telephone service. There are some 40 pages of a chapter entitled " Powder and Shot "—being, as the author says, " a number of extracts from newspapers, speeches, etc., of recent date, which contain points of value to speakers on the subject of nationalisation." The book is full of " points," some of value and some not ; but the purchaser gets his money's worth, especially if he is interested in examples of political campaign literature. H. S.

COMMERCIAL ADVERTISING. By Thomas Russell, President of the Incorporated Society of Advertisement Consultants. London : Putnam. 1919. 10*s.* 6*d.* net.

THE art—or as Mr. Russell would prefer, the science—of advertising is too little known and practised in Ireland. Much of Ireland's slow economic development is due to a conservatism which makes business men the slaves of custom, and will not allow them to " scrap " inefficient and old-fashioned business methods. This is especially noticeable in their attitude of mind towards advertisements and advertising. We rarely see any Irish firms—except the old-established and successful ones—making use of the hoardings or the columns of the newspapers to get their products known, wanted and bought. The fact that all the really successful manufacturing firms in Ireland have used and still use advertising largely ought to be a hint to those who do not.

Much of this neglect of advertisement can be explained by a general ignorance of its economic functions and justification, an ignorance which is common to both manufacturer and consumer. The one is of opinion that he is wasting money, or at any rate increasing his trade expenses without an adequate return ; the other believes that all advertisers are in a huge conspiracy to make him spend money, and to cheat him when he does spend it. In fact the consumer often has the feeling that he is buying despite the advertisement, and not because of it ; while the manufacturer thinks the advertising agents and newspaper managers are but parasites on society.

To both of these, as well as to the students of the commercial colleges of Ireland, we recommend Mr. Russell's book. It is composed of six lectures delivered last year in the London School of Economics. Mr. Russell speaks as a practical master rather than as a professor of the subject. His book is very interesting, and is written in a popular and free style. The Introduction and the

first too lectures—The Economic Justification of Advertising and The Functions and Policy of Advertising—are, perhaps, the most interesting to the general reader. The economic justification is a very fine piece of economic argument ; it will clothe the advertisement hoardings of our city with interest and even with romance for us in future. It is a lecture that would repay study both by manufacturers and consumers. Though the rest of the book will be mainly useful for those concerned in the business of advertising, it offers very readable matter to the ordinary person. Indeed, since the publication of that charmingly humorous book on grammar, *The King's English*, we do not remember having read any book that treated so unpromising a subject in such a delightful manner as *Commercial Advertising*. E. J. C.

MOTION STUDY FOR THE HANDICAPPED. By Frank B. Gilbreth and Lillian Moller Gilbreth. London : Routledge. 1920. 8*s.* 6*d.* net.

This volume forms a valuable addition to the many excellent contributions on the Efficiency Method in industry with which the names of the authors are so prominently associated. Like most of the Efficiency Books, it is entirely practical and severely scientific. Its special aim is to set forth the methods by which the handicapped, that is, the maimed and crippled of all classes and from all causes, can be most efficiently equipped for taking part in the industrial life of the nation. It was immediately inspired and the various articles of which it consists were written while America was at war and when it seemed likely that it would be necessary to make provision for a great number of soldiers returning under various kinds of industrial disabilities. Fortunately for the American nation the sad conditions which it was reasonable enough to anticipate at the time have not been realised to the full. Nevertheless it was all to the good that the public consciousness should, under the influence of war enthusiasm, be awakened to the duty of considering what can be done for the far more numerous victims who were handicapped by natural defects or as the result of industrial accidents.

The authors are not content with finding out how the crippled can be equipped for work ; but, what is perhaps of greater importance, they carefully explore every means by which work can be adapted to the capabilities of the crippled. That implies a thorough investigation of the details of the processes involved

in the various kinds of work. Special emphasis is laid on the importance of discovering the *one best way* of doing everything. By careful attention to this point it is claimed an enormous amount of waste can be eliminated from industrial processes, so that what was undertaken in the interest of the handicapped may well prove to be of the utmost importance in connection with all classes of workers. J. K.

History.

THE HOME RULE MOVEMENT. By Michael MacDonagh. *THE EVOLUTION OF SINN FEIN.* By Robert Mitchell Henry. Dublin: The Talbot Press. 1920. 5*s.* net each.

BETWEEN them, these two volumes present the history of public affairs during the last fifty years; but this is perhaps the only point of contact between them, beyond a limited coincidence as to the external facts of history. The essential elements of Mr. MacDonagh's book are such as have been a great deal overwritten: in a literary sense they are now almost threadbare. The work was never so well done as in the originating volume of them all, Mr. T. P. O'Connor's *Parnell Movement*, the pages of which were very effective journalism, combining the methods of the Parliamentary Correspondent and the "Special Commissioner." Mr. Macdonagh follows in the same groove, but with a difference. The proportion of sheer journalism is greatly increased. Far too much of his writing in this book is made up of such chatty and merely personal incidents and anecdotes as are usually stretched out to fill the measure of the "London Letter" sent to the English Provincial or Colonial newspapers. In a few ways he has endeavoured to draw on new or unpublished material: but the success of this effort has not been great. One result of this special effort is to give too much prominence to the ineffectiveness of Mr. John O'Connor Power, who gets a very undue amount of book space. The facts and results of Parliamentary agitation are, however, well summarised, though the deeper causes and the heroic sacrifices often made in securing them are without adequate exposition. A conspicuous instance of how the unessential displaces the essential in this volume is given in pages 261-264, descriptive of the giving of the Royal Assent to the Home Rule Act. The day, September 14, 1914, is oddly described as "the red-letter day of the Irish Nationalist movement." It is no surprise to find that the author ends his last chapter "looking down from the Reporters' Gallery." Had the phrase been added as a sub-title to the main title of this volume, it would have accu-

rately limited its scope, and defined its specific value for the student of affairs.

Far different is the scope and achievement of Professor Robert Mitchell Henry in his "Evolution of Sinn Fein." We have had scarcely any sustained efforts in Anglo-Irish Literature to trace the development and conflict of ideas in Ireland; but here we have a work which in this exceptionally difficult and untilled field is a conspicuous success. It has all the substantial and stimulating qualities which make so many French works on European political history evoke and even compel mental activity. The specific attribute of the best French writing on public affairs—the presentation of a campaign of ideas and ideals—is here found perhaps for the first time as the dominant characteristic of a serious, well-balanced, and vigorous piece of critical exposition. The difficulties of this process are measureless: the writer makes it clear that he is using every stroke of his skill in order to grapple with them; and the reader has no facile task when he is coerced into the struggle. There is no other work on Ireland in the past hundred years which will so amply repay a reader's thought as this measured and highly potent exposition of intellectual purposes in politics and social ideals. For in addition to the special element of lucid vigour mentioned before, it has in it a great deal of the detachment of view and tense hardness which characterise such Anglo-Irish poems as Ingram's "Memory of the Dead": it is stiffened with northern iron.

The peculiar qualities of this treatment also enable the reader to dissent from many inferences and statements, while valuing the way in which they are set out. A thousand such dissents do not impair the value of the book to the student; the tribute which is due to the union of thought and style in Newman is due also in large measure to Professor Henry. Had he avoided the office of prophet in his last page as successfully as he has done the same on all his other pages, the one structural defect—and it is a very small one—would have been absent. The production of this book is the best of justifications for thorough classical education in the Ireland of to-day; but this argument will not be used by Classical Societies or State Commissions of Inquiry. T. C.

THE ENGLISH CATHOLICS IN THE REIGN OF QUEEN ELIZABETH. By John Hungerford Pollen, S.J. London: Longmans. 1920. 21*s.* net.

The story of the Catholic Church in England during the first two decades of Elizabeth's reign is not pleasant reading. True, it has

been violently distorted by anti-Catholic writers, and in particular by Mr. Froude, that brilliant and unscrupulous champion of Elizabeth with all her works and pomps. The present work, though perhaps not primarily written as such, is in effect a crushing refutation of these dishonest historians. Starting with Elizabeth's accession (1558), it traces the fortunes of the Church from its official proscription to the advent of the counter-Reformation, that is to say through the period when Catholicism in England was fighting for its very existence.

Father Pollen is to be congratulated upon his industry and accuracy. He has carefully investigated all the original sources, including the State correspondence of England, France, and Spain ; and from the Vatican archives, a hitherto unworked mine of information, he has gleaned many new and pertinent facts. Further, his account of the progress of events is marked by unusual accuracy ; unlike most historians, he makes no statement without being able to cite chapter and verse from the documentary evidence. So much for his facts. The conclusions which he is pleased to draw from them, however, do not always commend themselves to us. Father Pollen has striven heroically to be impartial, but the results of this effort are not always happy. For an intense desire to avoid anything which might be construed into special pleading, coupled with an anxiety to do full justice to all concerned, sometimes lands the author in the paradoxical position of being partial to his opponents, and quite unfair to his friends.

Take, for example, his treatment of Elizabeth's excommunication. While not questioning the validity of the papal action, he is inclined to disagree with it on the ground of expediency. In his view it was hasty and unwise—altogether an unfortunate step, the chief result of which was to increase the fury of the English persecution. This is Father Pollen's opinion, to which (we realise) he is perfectly entitled, but with all deference we entirely disagree with him. Even from the viewpoint of practical politics, it seems to us that the course of history has fully justified the action of St. Pius V. The English Church was dying of inanition, and could only have been roused from its fatal lethargy by the thunderbolt of anathema. Had a weak-kneed policy of " conciliation " been pursued, there is little doubt that in time Protestantism would have completely superseded the old faith. A policy of compromise, as our national history so clearly evidences, though perhaps it may be attended by temporary advantages, is bound to result in ultimate failure and degradation. And if this be true in politics, how much more so in religion !

As to Catholic affairs in England and Scotland, Father Pollen is lucid and interesting, although he is disposed to deal somewhat lightly with Elizabeth herself. The intrigues which centred round the tragic figure of Mary Stuart are well and fully narrated; and the rebellion in her favour, known as the "Rising of the North" (1569), forms the subject of an excellent chapter. Equally reliable is the author's treatment of the fall of the old Church; and in this connection he succeeds in proving that the number of clergy who accepted the oath of supremacy has been grossly exaggerated. But perhaps the best portion of the book deals with the counter-Reformation conducted by Persons and Campion and the other devoted Seminarists.

Foreign affairs are also treated at some length. Much light is shed on the Ridolphi plot by extracts from the Vatican correspondence. By the same means, the absurd fiction of a papal League for the extirpation of heretics, so prevalent about the year 1580, is torn to shreds. In the author's account of English Catholics abroad, Irishmen will be especially interested in his sketches of the illustrious Dr. Sander, and the adventurer, Thomas Stukely. Each of these men played a far more prominent part in Irish affairs than is usually known, and the present writer hopes in the course of time to give a somewhat fuller account of their activities in this respect. In this department of his work, we are again unable to accept some of Father Pollen's opinions. Thus we cannot understand his adulation of the Duke of Alva, a half-hearted Catholic who was at times suspected of Protestantism—though indeed he was no credit to either Church! Nor can we grasp the reason which leads him to describe the illustrious Tolomeo Galli, Cardinal of Como, as "a shallow imprudent man."

As regards Irish affairs, Father Pollen and ourselves are hopelessly at variance. He has felt constrained to deal with the papal expedition to Ireland in the year 1579 on account of its effect on the persecution of English Catholics. As usual his facts are unimpeachable, but his conclusions are lamentably one-sided. He looks on this expedition solely from the English standpoint; having stated that it intensified the persecutions in England, he regards it as a disaster, and sternly accuses Gregory XIII. of having "acted with great imprudence in this unfortunate affair." The idea that the expedition was designed for the purpose of helping the militant Catholics of Ireland in their struggle for religious and political liberty does not seem to have occurred to him.

But these are matters of opinion, and opinions on a subject of this kind will always differ. Accordingly, our disagreement with some of the author's views does not blind us to the fact that this book is a timely and valuable addition to Catholichi story.

D. A. B.

TWO CENTURIES OF LIFE IN DOWN, 1600-1800. By John Stevenson. Belfast: M'Caw, Stevenson and Orr. 1920. 21*s.* net.

SUCH books as the present are most welcome, and will surely help to make smooth the lot of the future historian of Ireland. Lecky pointed out shrewdly that the more we have of local histories the better for the anticipated standard History of the Irish people. Mr. Stevenson has broken new ground; for alas! the number of books hitherto published on the domestic annals of the country may be reckoned on one hand, that is, of course, for the period of 1600-1800. The late Mr. Bagwell held forth the promise that in his third volume of *Ireland under the Stuarts* he would deal with "Social Ireland from Restoration to Revolution;" but in that work, issued in 1916, he simply gives a chapter of less than nine pages, including an account of the Wexford Spa Wells mainly supplied by the present writer.

Two hundred years is a long survey, but the district embraced is merely that of Bangor, Donaghadee, Portaferry, Newtownards and the adjoining parishes, while special prominence is given to the Hamiltons, Montgomerys and Wards. Fortunately the major part of the material here presented is derived from old diaries, family papers, account books, and such like, still preserved; but the author has also utilised the Montgomery Manuscripts, the Hamilton Manuscripts, the History of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland, as well as the works of Harris, Reeves, and O'Laverty. But the burden of the book is in praise of the Scots settlers and the influence of Presbyterianism in Down. Particularly valuable are the illustrations, including a map of Ireland in 1314 (now in Hereford Cathedral, and described by the author as "a Monkish Map of the Middle Ages"), early maps of the district, and numerous family portraits.

So excellent is the book that it is with reluctance we venture to notice some matters that may be rectified in the next edition. It was Henry O'Neill who captured Montgomery at the Battle of Benburb and routed his cavalry. Of course "Cloughwooter Castle" is "Cloghoughter Castle"; "Ballerma" is borrowed

from Barthelemou's " Belerma ; " James McAlpin " was still teaching at Killileagh in 1712 "—as a matter of fact he taught there till 1714 when he became minister of Ballynahinch ; the causes of Ulster Emigration to America in 1771 are amply set forth in Mr. F. J. Biggar's *The Ulster Land War of* 1770, which has been overlooked by Mr. Stevenson ; Echard's Description of 1691 is of no great value, and, moreover, he belonged to Louth in Lincoln, not Louth in Ireland ; the date 1723 in Goldsmith's letter is a slip, and there are some strange blunders in the names of some of the persons mentioned therein, *e.g.*, " Tinchly " and " Toni ; " " Flora's Banquet " (1782) is mainly a collection of parodies of well-known songs ; " Rev. James Brigson " of Belfast, should be " Rev. James Bryson "

As may be expected, Mr. Stevenson glosses over the iniquitous way in which the Hamiltons and Montgomerys treated the native Irish ; but as an offset we are given a good deal of the introspective musings of some Puritans. Quite a delightful account is given of the method of teaching the tunes of the Psalms in Ulster Presbyterian schools of the mid-eighteenth century, and a facsimile is given of a MS. Book of tunes belonging to Miss Margaret M'Ilhenny dated 1774. However, it may interest Mr. Stevenson to learn that in 1787 there was published in Belfast a little-known Presbyterian Hymn Book entitled " Hymns for the Use of the Presbyterian Congregation in Lisburn."

A word of praise is due to the admirable get-up of the volume, worthy of the best traditions of Belfast craftsmanship. The Index is full. W. H. Grattan Flood.

Music.

BRITISH VIOLIN MAKERS. By the Rev. W. Meredith Morris, B.A. London : Robert Scott. 1920. 25*s.* net.

The author of the large and well-produced book which lies before us, is eminently qualified to deal with the subject of which it treats. Mr. Morris, whose name is well-known to readers of violin literature, is himself a practical violin maker, having learned the art in a French workshop before he entered the ministry. During a long life devoted largely to a study of the instrument he loves, he has had an opportunity of examining thousands of instruments by various makers past and present. He has also visited the workshops of most contemporary British makers, and studied their methods of work at first hand. He has recorded the results of

his study and observation in the very valuable work under review.

Mr. Morris's book consists of a dictionary of makers with introductory chapters on various matters connected with the construction of the violin. These chapters are not only well written, but they contain a great deal of information which will be of value to lovers of the violin. The opinions of the author, even when they run counter to commonly accepted teaching, demand careful attention as they have behind them the authority of much practical experience. In the dictionary not only are the chief British makers adequately dealt with, but those of minor note receive due recognition also. In no previous publication has the subject been dealt with in so thorough and satisfying a manner. To compile, authenticate, and properly arrange the information contained in this part of the book has been a work of great labour, extending over many years. The general accuracy of the work bears witness to the painstaking manner in which Mr. Morris has performed his difficult task.

It is not correct to say of Barak Norman that "no violins of his are known." There is at least one known violin by this maker, but it is doubtful if many more are to be found.

In previous books of this character the work of Irish makers has been practically ignored. Though Mr. Morris does not mention all our Irish makers, the omissions are so few that we might justly claim that the title of his book should be altered to *British and Irish Violin Makers*. He acknowledges his indebtedness to Father Greaven for much of the information which he places on record in regard to violin-making in Ireland, and if there is a want of detail in the notices of many of our makers, this perhaps is to be attributed to the fact that the author had not many opportunities of personally examining specimens of their work, or of studying the matter at first-hand. We think that Ward and Molyneux, both eighteenth century Dublin makers, should have been assigned to earlier dates than those given by Mr. Morris. Of Macintosh, who died about 1840, the book gives merely the name without date or comment. We should have liked to see some reference to the theories on violin construction, and the treatment of wood for this purpose, which he advanced in a now scarce pamphlet published in Dublin in 1837.

As Mr. Morris has had but few opportunities of examining the work of Thomas Perry, he bases his lengthy notice of that maker largely on an excellent article by Mr. A. McGoogan which appeared in the Dublin Museum "Bulletin" for July, 1911. Mr. McGoogan

can claim the credit of definitely establishing 1818 as the year of Perry's death. We cannot agree with the suggestion that Perry was born in 1757, as in the Exhibition of Ancient Instruments held in the South Kensington Museum in 1872, Mr. Carl Engel showed a cither-viol by Perry dated 1767, and a violin dated 1768 is also known. It is not correct to say that "the first definite trace of Perry in Ireland at a specific address occurs in 1787," as many violins are known bearing the label of Thomas Perry and the address No. 6 Anglesea Street, and dated prior to that year. The statement that Perry had nothing to do with the violins labelled "Perry and Wilkinson," will have to be revised, the fact being that both names appear on the labels as early as 1794, and that some of the most excellent specimens of Perry's work—as for example the well-known instrument in the Withers collection dated 1808—are so labelled. It is true, of course, that many violins of inferior quality, labelled "Perry and Wilkinson," were made after the death of Perry.

The book contains an enthusiastic notice of the work of Edward Keenan, a contemporary Dublin maker whose violins have recently been attracting the attention of connoisseurs, but the interesting fact is omitted that Mr. Keenan fashions the backs and ribs of his instruments from sycamore of Irish growth. Referring to the work of Mr. Keenan and other contemporary makers, the author prophesies a bright future for the art in Ireland.

The numerous excellent illustrations of makers and instruments give a special value to a book which must take rank with the standard works on the subject with which it deals.

C. O'B.

1. *AN INTRODUCTION TO BRITISH MUSIC.* By Percy A. Scholes. London: Palmer and Hayward. 1919. 2*s.*
2. *A MUSICAL MOTLEY.* By Ernest Newman. London: John Lane. 1919. pp. 326. 7*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Percy A. Scholes has provided a stimulating little volume for the benefit of the British public, dedicated "to the use of every British man, woman and child who cares for music and loves the native country." Within the compass of 115 pages—the text begins at page 12—the story of British music is told simply and briefly. At the same time it is only right to state that the story is highly coloured throughout, and is an endeavour to present English musical history in as attractive a form as possible. Mr. Scholes has made the best of an unattractive theme, because, as

a matter of fact, if the musical contributions of Ireland, Scotland and Wales are omitted, the actual story of British Music does not begin till 1450. However, he has assimilated the labours of Davey, Walker, Sharp, Cummings and others, and has produced a delightfully written book.

In the charming romance which is woven around John of Fornsete, *circa* 1225, we are seriously told that "Descant grew up about the time of Magna Charta," but Mr. Scholes must evidently have forgotten the many compositions of Leonin (1145-1165) and Perotin (1185-1220), the latter scoring many pieces for four voices. Moreover, the statement that "the very principles of the enjoyable combination of voices were not yet discovered" in 1225, is altogether inaccurate; for such combinations were actually described by Scotus Erigena in 867. Equally inaccurate is the statement that "Faburden was an English invention"—although it is paralleled by the section on "the British invention of the Nocturne," in which John Field, of Dublin, is hailed as "a British composer, a real inventor in the technique of Keyboard composition." But let us end with a repetition of the praise accorded to this booklet in our opening sentence: it is a stimulating little volume.

2. One always looks for something above the ordinary from Mr. Ernest Newman, and no matter whether we are inclined to agree or disagree with his views on matters musical, he has a style all his own that claims attention. True it is that some of his dogmatic utterances of late have given great umbrage, and have pourtrayed an unamiable side of his personality; but, making allowances for these aberrations or foibles, Mr. Newman is one of the best equipped English musical critics.

A Musical Motley is a collection of essays and articles that have appeared in various newspapers and magazines for the past few years. Gay and grave are promiscuously interlarded, and there is no particular sequence. It was a happy thought to resurrect many of these essays; but there are a few, including "Composers and Obituary Notices," that might well have been left among ephemera. He is still hankering after Brahms, who (he says) "gave its perfect and final expression to German sentimentality," and he would live on a desert island with Wagner's *Siegfried Idyll* and Brahms' *Liebeslieder* waltzes. As for poor Tchaikovski, "he remains essentially the same—a Weary Willie with a dash of Werther in him." And, as Mr. Newman declares, "the whole modern race of Weary Willies in music was begotten by Chopin upon the Chlorotic muse of French and German romanticism!" As regards "the Music of Death," Mr. Newman

takes us into his confidence and tells us that, were he allowed to choose "the time and the manner" of his going, "like the old Roman," he "should open a vein in a hot bath, while an orchestra of muted strings repeated time after time the dying fall of Chopin's C minor Prelude, in decrescendo after decrescendo imperceptibly fading away into silence." What a splendid Pagan!

W. H. Grattan Flood.

Poetry.

The *Ulster Songs and Ballads* of Mr. Pádric Gregory (Dublin: Talbot Press. 1920. 2*s.* 6*d.* net) are the latest proof of a steady advance in this singer's art since he published his first book some seven years ago. He returns in this volume to Ulster dialect. Some critics have complained of difficulty and over-elaboration; we do not think the complaint is justified. These pieces are not at all as difficult reading for outsiders as, for example, Tennyson's *Northern Farmer*. The poet has both the knowledge and the feeling required for his work; he gives us much of the vigour, something less of the refinement, of the genuine folk-song. His Ulster is thoroughly and intensely Irish.

Containing the gleaned verses of some twenty-five years, Mr. Herbert Moore Pim's *Songs from an Ulster Valley* (Grant Richards. 1920. 3*s.* 6*d.* net) is naturally a longer book, and much more varied one. The author's personality, which, we believe, has come to be regarded as enigmatic, is here made known to us first in an engraved likeness and then in poems which presumably partake of the nature of self-revelation. There are numerous sonnets—and we know what sonnets are for; there is a *Dream of Great Poets*, which gives us a variety of literary opinions; something of a political outlook is found in *Charles Stewart Parnell* and *To Ireland*; a just tribute is paid to some obscure Irish heroes in *The Ballad of Famine Martyrs*; while it is piquant to find in two consecutive ballads and in the same metre glorifications of the Catholic Saint Peter of Alcantara and of the Protestant heroes Walker and William of Orange. There is an *Ode to Uncertainty*, undeniably clever, which is perhaps as typical as anything in the volume. The sonnets suffer from a certain monotony of rhythm, and how can Mr. Pim rhyme "tell" with "campanile"? But commonly he is master of his forms. His ideas, wide in range, keep clear of both the trivial and the over-subtle.

There is decided individuality in Mr. Egbert Sandford's *Mad Moments* (Maunsel, 1919. 3*s.* net.). We do not agree with the

opinion the author expresses that "madness makes the man"; but in fact Mr. Sandford's poetry is not very mad. It occasionally achieves some "harmonious madness" of the kind Shelley coveted—not a mere jingling of pretty words, but a harmony which springs from inner tension ringingly expressed. His "Mad Moments" are often exceedingly brief: some of them approximate to a Chinese brevity; they do not often lack the sufficience and poignancy which are admired in the Chinese lyric. All the greater is the pity that this poet seems wholly unable to punctuate his lines: his mis-divisions and non-divisions in this way often spoil one's pleasure in reading work so notable for its sincerity and strength.

Mr. Sandford has (to our disappointment) no reference to Ireland; another very individual writer, Aodh de Blácam, has no other theme. (*Songs and Satires.* Talbot Press. 1920. 1*s.* net). Indeed, half of his little volume is couched in the Irish language. Propaganda and satire, especially when edged with strong hates and enthusiasms, do not easily associate with pure poetry; yet pure poetry is not lacking in these pieces. The most interesting of them to some readers will be the rendering into Irish of Ronsard's memorable sonnet "Quand vous serez bien vieille":—

Nuair a béar tú aorta, coir na teineadh, a grádh,
Suidhe fa tolur na gcoinneal, ag fuagáil fíoda ir fróil
Cuimhnigh air Ronsard ir abair ag gabáil go caoin mo ceoil:
Mar a "molad Ronsard mo mairéact 'na amrán aoibne, trát."

Poetry on varied themes is not lacking to Ethna Kavanagh (*The Priest of Isis and other Poems.* John Long. 1920. 2*s.* 6*d.* net). Best, perhaps, of this score of pieces are two originally contributed to *Studies*—*The Priest of Isis* and *The Shadow of the Sphinx.* Elsewhere there is little freshness of idea and the lax metre fails to satisfy the ear.

Fragments (Talbot Press. 1920. 4*s.* 6*d.* net) is a title explained by the author, Mr. A. E. Green, as giving a promise of an "extensive work." Of its "precious material" these collected pieces are but haphazard "fragments." Mr. Green's interests are evidently wide and serious. But he hardly shows himself artist enough to achieve a satisfactory poem on a large scale. Even for success in smaller productions it is needful to avoid *clichés* and to cultivate a style of some individuality.

Mr. Armel O'Connor is a twentieth-century representative of the troubadour-knight, of whom our great-aunts used to sing:—

> Gaily the troubadour strummed his guitar. . .
> Singing "from Palestine, lady, I come;
> Lady love, lady love, welcome me home!"

A Singer in Palestine (No. X. of the Mary's Meadow Series.

Ludlow. 1919. 2*s.* net) is the name of a booklet which, in its brown paper cover, is a bit expensive. The portrait of the soldier-author shows a thoughtful and sympathetic face; his poems are inspired by strong religious faith and feeling, and have caught not a little of the inner soul of war and of Palestine.

Poems, by J. M. Benson (C. W. Daniel. 1919. 2*s.* net) begin with a pretty apology for lack of originality. But they achieve sufficiently striking expression—usually, it would seem, of a passion regretted but not effectively controlled. The following lyric illustrates both the melancholy *ethos* and the fine style of the little volume :—

> The angel of Hope has rosy wings,
> I've heard men say;
> But I've seen them dark against the sky
> As she flew away.
>
> And Faith is a spirit bright, they say,
> Whose touch makes bold;
> She touched me once with her ardent hand,
> But left me cold.
>
> And Love is a cupid with tender limbs
> And smile most sweet;
> But Love that has made me his captive now
> Has cloven feet.

Mr. Brookes More's *A Lover's Rosary* (Boston : The Cornhill Co. 1920. $1.25) is a pretty volume produced in a style creditable to its publishers. We must express a general distaste for the art or artifice which seizes upon sacred objects, such as a rosary, and turns them to uses quite other than sacred. Apart from this pervading objection, we find much to commend in Mr. More's poetry. He is a thinker and a careful artist who does not drop into pedantry. He has here, indeed, set himself a task which to some will seem fantastically and uselessly difficult. The fifty-nine sonnets of his "rosary" are not only in strict Petrarchan mould, but are also linked on to one another by a system of final and initial rhymes. Yet under these restrictive conditions he advances with the ease of one to whom poetry is a natural language. In one place he gives us a curious sonnet-serenade, which, remaining Petrarchan in its rhymes, groups its lines into four triplets and a couplet.

Turning from many other small volumes of verse which lie before us, we will close this varied review with *A College Chorus* (Martin Lester. 1920. 2*s.* net) gathered together from University College, Dublin, and led by Mr. Eimar O'Duffy. "Genius," they sing to us, "goes with a watery eye And a big bow tie," and that being so, they are content that genius shall not be found in this

volume. Instead, we have the *ébats* (sometimes a little mystical to the outsider) of high spirits, relieved by tender sentiment and flavoured by somewhat acid jocularity. There is plenty, also, of neat verse-work, as in the *Song of Spring*, with its well-managed "grass" refrain, and a dozen stanzas as fluent as this one :—

> Down the path so trim and even
> Of the green of good St. Stephen
> When the crocuses were springing
> One fine day I chanced to pass,
> And the notices were singing,
> Singing : "Please keep off the grass."

G. O'NEILL.

Religion.

LEGENDS OF BABYLON AND EGYPT IN RELATION TO HEBREW TRADITION. By Leonard W. King, M.A., Litt.D., F.S.A. London : Milford. 1918. Pp. 155. 3s. net.

THIS book is the last important work of the celebrated Assyriologist and Ancient Historian, Dr. L. W. King, whose death last August at the comparatively early age of fifty caused profound regret to all Oriental students. Invited to deliver the Schweich Lectures in 1916, he was led by the recent publication of some very important cuneiform texts in America to take for his subject "Legends of Babylon and Egypt in relation to Hebrew Tradition." The lectures had to be re-modelled to some extent when appearing in book form in 1918. As war conditions made it impossible to reproduce the slides by which they had been illustrated, the purely archæological matter was curtailed and the literary treatment of the subject developed and extended. For the Scripture student, at all events, the loss is more than counterbalanced by the gain.

It would be impossible in a brief review to give an adequate idea of the rich and varied information contained in the three lectures. A few words on their *raison d'être*, the new cuneiform texts, and the conclusions derived from them, will show the great interest of the questions discussed by Dr. King.

The texts form part of the discoveries made by the American excavators at Niffer, the ancient Nippur, in Southern Babylonia, and are to be found in the collection published by Arno Poebel, *Historical Texts* and *Historical and Grammatical Texts* (Univ. of Penns. Mus. Publ., Bab. Sect., vol. IV., No. 1, and vol V.), Philadelphia, 1914. A few of them, dating from the 22nd century B.C., and written not in the Assyro-Babylonian but in the Sumerian tongue, contain lists of ancient Sumerian dynasties hitherto unknown to us. One, which (though not dated) is judged by various

indications to belong to the same period, gives a Sumerian account of the creation and the deluge far more ancient than the Babylonian versions which we already possessed. The texts too seem to be copies of older ones, and undoubtedly record Sumerian traditions of far earlier date than the time at which they were written. Unfortunately they are mutilated and incomplete, and only give us a portion of their original message to posterity. How then does the Biblical account of the Creation, the Deluge and the Origins of Civilisation, hitherto compared with traditions revised and developed by Babylonian scribes, stand in the light of more primitive records ?

Three very interesting parallels to the Scripture narrative, not to be found in the Babylonian texts, appear now for the first time in the Sumerian ones. The earliest dynastic lists, though they treat like others of postdiluvian Sumerian kings, assign reigns to these monarchs of about the same length as the lives of the antediluvian patriarchs of the Bible. Mathusaleh is even surpassed by Barsalnunna and Lugalbanda, who reigned 1200 years, while Kalumum, Melamkish and two other unknowns, who come next with 900 years each, just attained the average patriarchal span. Again we find in the new creation and deluge text a literary setting somewhat similar to that of the Bible in the linking together of creation, antediluvian history and the deluge in one and the same narrative. This connection, which has not been found in the Babylonian records, is rendered more remarkable by the fact that the Sumerian text treats expressly of the deluge. Finally Zisudu, the hero of the deluge in the Sumerian account, is saved like Noah *on account of his piety*. The omission of this important item in the later texts is hardly estimated by Dr. King at its full value. It strikes at the foundations of the rationalistic view that attributes the higher spirituality of the Hebrew narrative, when compared with the Babylonian versions, not to historical reality but to the subjective influence of Hebrew religious belief.

The traditional Catholic view of the early chapters of Genesis—that they contain historical facts handed down by word of mouth or by written documents and faithfully recorded by the inspired writer Moses—certainly receives a valuable confirmation from the ancient texts. Two difficulties, however, may be made to this conclusion. The Biblical narrative, in the first place, corresponds with the later creation and deluge accounts in a number of points which do not appear at all in the Sumerian document. It may be answered, however, that these omissions can be largely explained by the incompleteness and still more the scope of the Sumerian

version, which evidently aimed at giving a brief summary rather than a full narrative of events. The Babylonian accounts, too, certainly contain many very ancient Sumerian traditions. The second difficulty is more serious. The Babylonian priest, Berossus, who wrote in Greek in the third century B.C., also agrees with the newly-discovered texts in some important points, the duration of the antediluvian period, the names of two antediluvian cities, the names of two antediluvian monarchs (which appear in the earliest postdiluvian dynastic list) and the kingly character of the deluge hero. This shows that agreement with ancient Sumerian tradition does not prove antiquity of authorship. The fact remains, however that ancient tradition, both sacred and profane, is again proved to have deeper roots than many moderns are inclined to admit, and that it is unsafe to formulate definite conclusions on the relations between Babel and Bible without first discovering the various traditions of the ancient Sumerian states. Hence we cannot agree with Dr. King, who prefers the view that the Hebrews got their ancient history directly from the Babylonians during the late monarchic and exilic periods, though he allows the possibility of an earlier derivation from the same source.

The new documents have other interesting features. They deal a bad blow to the theory that tries to equate the prediluvian monarchs of Berossus with the prediluvian patriarchs of the Bible on the supposition that corresponding names have different linguistic forms but the same radical meaning. They show us later Babylonian divinities figuring as ordinary mortals in the ancient royal lists. They testify to the presence of Sumerians and Semites in Mesopotamia at a very ancient period without determining who were the first-comers. And besides these Sumerian inscriptions other matters of great interest are treated in Dr. King's book. On these we may not dwell here. Enough has been said to show its great importance for Scripture students, who may not share all of the author's views, but will certainly profit by his clear presentation and careful study of these recent discoveries. E. P.

FROM DUST TO GLORY. By the Rev. M. J. Phelan, S.J. London: Longmans. 1920. 5*s.* net.

IN a former work, *The Straight Path*, which has appealed to a wide circle of readers, Fr. Phelan guided the steps of a doubting and bewildered Christian to the gates of the Church. Mindful that Christ is not only the Way and the Truth, but, before all, the Life,

he traces in the present volume the ground-plan of Catholic spirituality.

The leading ideas of the book are those of the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius, inexhaustible mine of truths that search to their depths the spirit of man and the mystery of the world. The themes—man's dependence on God, the revelation of sin in the fall of angels and of men, the call of Jesus Christ, the Passion, the Resurrection—are treated with freshness and vigour. The sudden touches of vivid colour, the apt and often unexpected illustrations, the energy and eloquence of the style, make it difficult to lay the book aside when one has taken it up. And the genuine and fervent piety with which its pages are impregnated will powerfully contribute to the achievement of its apostolic aim.

M. F. E.

Studies in Literature.

THE PROBLEM OF "HAMLET." J. M. Robertson. London: Allen and Unwin. 1919. 5s. net.

THE evolving of theories concerning Hamlet is an amusement, we are convinced, not merely harmless, but distinctly instructive and elevating. It links itself with the advancing steps of knowledge and affords a mirror of what may be called the higher fashions. We have had Hamlet analysed as melancholic, neurasthenic, hysteroneurasthenic; held up as a warning against spiritism, against Lutheranism, against Hegelianism; lamented as a wild poet, haloed as a Catholic saint:—in each case by people specially interested in these aberrations or developments of humanity and finding in the play a mirror of their mentality. We have been told that Hamlet is Shakespeare, that Hamlet is man in general, "that a man like Hamlet has never existed, nor could exist." These few leading types of opinion, culled here and there in the thick forest of *Hamlet* commentary, sufficiently show how inexhaustible is the soil from which they spring, and how little reason there is to think that its rich growths will cease on this side of Doomsday. Rather will pathologies and philosophies not yet conceived in the womb of time find, like their predecessors, their very form and pressure in *Hamlet:* and the drama of 1601 may live to illustrate not only the heart-searchings but also the head-rackings of 2601.

Mr. Robertson's theory is simple and realistic. He sets aside both "subjective" and "objective" interpretations, medical, historical, psychological; he does not pry into the dim recesses of Saxo

Grammaticus nor into the secret chronicles of James I.; he does not accuse Shakespeare of writing either like "un sauvage ivre" or like a Henry James; he does not find Hamlet guilty either of uncontrolled passions or of exaggerated scrupulosity. All these conceptions have had their day and may have yet another. Mr. Robertson's appeal is to the records of Elizabethan drama. Prince Hamlet is what he is because Kyd and Shakespeare (taken in that order) have made him so. Two cooks (if the metaphor may here be allowed) had a hand in preparing the broth; and, therefore, it is not the perfect compound which the later and greater, had he been left to his own skill, would have given us. What Shakespeare did, working on his predecessor's lines, remains a miracle of imagination and technical power, but has not achieved consistency.

In the place of one of the early and crude creations of Kyd's, vigorous without verisimilitude, outside of refined sympathy, he has projected a personality which from the first line sets all our sympathies in a quick vibration, and so holds our minds and hearts that even the hero's cruelties cannot alienate them. . . The revenge of the refined Hamlet must be delayed as was that of the barbaric Hamblet, without the original reason; the old machinery must be retained, down to the prayer-scene; and so there emerged a puzzling and unexplained character (p. 75). It is idle to pretend that Shakespeare was deeply concerned to secure perfect artistic consistency (p. 84). It is idle to follow the dogged defensive tactics of Werder, who was determined to find a consistent whole where such does not exist (p. 77).

It is clear from these brief quotations on how many points and with how numerous and varied adversaries Mr. Robertson puts himself in conflict. In proving and developing his main idea he produces a readable essay, but still more a valuable contribution to the history of Elizabethan drama, particularly in his enquiries concerning the lost pre-Shakespearian *Hamlet* and the version of it presumed to exist in the German *Bestraffte Brudermord*. His "upshot" (as he styles it) will doubtless seem dull and unromantic to *Hamlet* enthusiasts. It will commend itself, on the other hand, to those who have always felt that the Hamlet mystery has in it a good deal of mystification—of "springes to catch woodcocks."

G. O'NEILL.

ESSAYS ON POETRY. By George O'Neill, S.J., M.A. Dublin: The Talbot Press. 1919. 5*s*. net.

OF these essays it may be said that not only are they excellent criticism, but they are excellent lectures. If this is a fair sample of teaching at the National University, then the University has reason to be proud of its professors. For the secret of teaching,

as of poetry, lies in its active suggestion. And on every page of this little book the reader is forced to pause, sometimes to question, sometimes to expand, very often to recognise the aptness of this or the other remark. One frequently sees the reason for an epithet or a qualification in a remembered passage of Bacon or Hazlitt or Shelley or Philip Sidney; so often, indeed, that one naturally concludes every sentence must have been framed under the careful scrutiny of these great minds. Much learning has gone to the making of this book; but it is learning worn with grace. For the peculiar charm of this volume lies in the delicate balancing of many judgments, in the synthesis of many opinions into a unity which is a work of mature reflection. There is nothing haphazard. You feel that if you disagree, you do so at your peril, for you will always find at least one of the great masters ranged on the side of the author. A capital book for intelligent commentary. "My hope has been," says Fr. O'Neill, "to collect from the best opinions the elements of a solid and serviceable web of doctrine." One must read the book to see how admirably he has succeeded.

Such being the scope and method of the work, it is perhaps, inevitable that the essays will produce the impression, on the general reader, of being insufficiently developed; that they are rather extended notes of a professor's lectures than anything else. There is, this reader may think, too much quotation, and too little comment. But these limitations have been imposed by Fr. O'Neill on himself; and he leaves the general reader, at the end, with the right principles and method by which he may develop the thought and arrive at conclusions of his own. This is the true art of teaching; and the professional reader will take especial pleasure in seeing the art practised. The book is invaluable to those who are endeavouring to teach literature intelligently.

There seems to be no need for taking up the topics discussed by Fr. O'Neill, for looking into his statements one by one. The answer to the question "What is poetry?" will never be given, but Fr. O'Neill notices the best attempts, and modestly makes some suggestions of his own. If, as a result of reading this portion, one were to disagree with each of the authorities quoted, and with Fr. O'Neill himself, but were, nevertheless, to attempt to frame a definition for oneself, I am sure the author would feel satisfied. The book is an unselfish presentation of objective truth, and not mere pleading for a pet fancy. And that is why it is such excellent instruction.

J. E. C.

Manuals for Priests.

THE PRIESTLY VOCATION. By the Right Reverend Bernard Ward. London: Longmans. 1918. Pp. 175. 5s. net.

THE PRIEST OF TO-DAY: His Ideals and his Duties. Third Edition. Revised and enlarged. By Rev. Thomas O'Donnell, C.M. Dublin: Browne & Nolan. 1919. Pp. 411. 7s. 6d.

PREACHING. By Rev. W. B. O'Dowd. London: Longmans. 1919. Pp. 235. 6s. net.

THESE three books go far to meet what is generally regarded as a want in the equipment of secular priests at the present day. The criticism is often heard that his seminary training leaves the young priest in many respects unfitted for contact with the world, into which immediately after his ordination he is sent forth to live and labour. Whether the habits of piety, discipline and self-control cultivated during his years of training do not more than compensate for accidental deficiencies is a question which those who are most competent to speak answer with an emphatic affirmative. From its effects no less than on *a priori* reasoning the seminary system seems to be adequately justified, and there does not appear to be any reason for the radical changes which are sometimes suggested in order that the priest of to-day may be turned out equipped for the efficient discharge of his ministry in the conditions of life which face him in this twentieth century.

On the other hand it would be foolish to pretend that the criticism is altogether without point. The seminary training is indispensable and excellent as far as it goes. But it requires to be supplemented, and there does not appear to be any more practical method of doing this than by providing books of a simple and familiar type which the average secular priest can have no difficulty about adopting as a guide, whose directions are always available and easy to understand. To provide such books is more difficult than could be expected by anyone who has not undertaken the task himself, or considered what they should aim at accomplishing.

In *The Priest of To-day* the President of All Hallows College proposes to convey the practical wisdom which is to be gathered from immediate contact with life, and the lack of which, however inculpable, is likely to prove a serious hindrance to a young priest. Such wisdom may indeed be learned from experience; but experience is often a dear school, and many are the mistakes and failures through which the experience may have to be gathered. I suspect that most, if not all, of the chapters of this book were originally prepared as con-

ferences to students approaching their ordination. They are just the words of practical, carefully considered, and at the same time familiar and intimate advice, with which one who realised the responsibility of training young men for the priesthood, would endeavour to fortify them on their entrance into the working world. And no one could better understand the strong and weak points of the training which such young men receive in college. It may be thought that, having been a college professor all his life, he may not be in a position to speak with authority on the needs of missionary life. But anyone who reads this book will not entertain such an impression. In fact it is the precise and, I might say, sensitive appreciation of these needs that strikes one most forcibly. This is not the result of mere *a priori* reasoning. The author has evidently kept himself in close contact with past students of the college, from whom he has been able to get first hand information on what are precisely the points on which special direction is necessary and useful.

The Priestly Vocation is from the pen of Bishop Ward, who also from his experience in St. Edmond's College, Weir, can speak with understanding to priests. Its aim is somewhat different from Father O'Donnell's, being, as we are told in the Preface, "to present well-known ideals and principles of action, and to apply them to the state of things actually existing among the secular clergy of this country" [England]. Too often have we been taught to believe that the conditions of the secular ministry are incompatible with the cultivation of personal holiness. Although as Cardinal Manning tells us the priest as such is bound to exercise perfection, still it must be understood that it is to rather ordinary men in commonplace circumstances that such a vocation is committed. And as the usual ascetical books do not appear to take account of the traditions, habits, outlook and difficulties of the secular priest's life, too many are inclined to regard their teaching as ideals of perfection which they are easily excused for not aspiring to. This is precisely the excellence of Dr. Ward's book. It shows how priestly perfection can be brought within the reach of all who are sincerely desirous of fulfilling the obligations they have taken at ordination. It is not intended merely for men of heroic mould or for born saints, as one might say. Very often with much appearance of reason we hear it said that the secular ministry with its countless distractions is itself a hindrance to perfection. Dr. Ward points out that it is in the proper exercise of this ministry itself that the perfection required of the secular priest is to be found.

In the preface to *Preaching* Fr. O'Dowd tells us: "It is with the purpose of rendering the Catholic pulpit even a little more

effective, and of helping the average preacher, that this book has been written. . . In writing it, I have tried to bear in mind the actual equipment of a newly ordained seminarist, and the conditions of pastoral work under which he will exercise the ministry, as well as the ideal, so far as I can discover it, which the Church has traced for the preacher's guidance." The nature and scope of preaching is set forth in four lucid chapters. Then follow seven chapters which are altogether practical, showing the ordinary missionary priest with little spare time how he can make his pulpit discourses effective. From the scope of the work and the manner in which it is executed, we have no hesitation in classifying *Preaching* with the other two books under review as a valuable and much needed auxiliary for all and especially young missionary priests.

J. K.

Three New Quarterlies.

GREGORIANUM. Rivista trimestrale di studi teologici e filosofici. No. 1. Rome. 1920. Annual Subscription (foreign), L. 28.

BIBLICA. Commentarii editi a Pontificio Instituto Biblico. No. 1. Rome. 1920. Annual Subscription (foreign), L. 20.

REVUE D'ASCETIQUE ET DE MYSTIQUE. No. 1. Toulouse. 1920. Annual Subscription (foreign), 15 fr.

No less than three new quarterly reviews expository of Catholic thought and spirituality—this is an apparition which may justly excite surprise and pleasure. And they seem, each and all, to justify the hope that, surviving into a vigorous maturity, they will render important services to individuals and to society.

Of the three, *Gregorianum* is the largest, most comprehensive, and most important. It is, in fact, the organ of a university and of a Roman university ; we expect it, therefore, to be concerned with many and momentous issues, and we are not disappointed. A dignified and impressive commencement is made with Cardinal Billot's study "de Deo prima causa efficiente, exemplari et finali universi." The import of the words used by the Council of Vienna in its famous definition of the human soul as the form of the human body is discussed by B. Jansen. A. Vermeersch treats in an article, to which a sequel is promised, of truthfulness and mendacity in Catholic (*i.e.*, Augustinian) dogma and casuistry, and of the difficulties encountered in its practical application. Mystical theology is represented by O. Marchetti's highly subtle study of St. Thomas's conception of Christian perfection. Perhaps the most interesting and important, as it is the largest, paper is that in which P. Geny deals with the scholastic cosmology as confronted with certain modern theories concerning the atom

and the molecule. Wide erudition is also manifest in a dissertation by C. Goretti Miniati on the psychology of conscious, subconscious, and reflex action. Some of the articles are written in Latin, some in Italian. When shall we have a universal language to serve as the key to the world's stores of learning? The book-notices are thorough-going but not numerous. An interesting appendix gives an account of the programme and progress of work at the Gregorian University.

In *Biblica* we come, naturally enough, upon studies of a more minute and specific character. A. Vaccari explains at length the *θεωρία* of the Antiochene school of Scripture exegesis, showing wherein it differed from the same term when used by Alexandrian expositors and historians. J. B. Frey, also at considerable length, unfolds the conception of "life" as a frequent theme of the Fourth Gospel. Among the shorter "animadversiones" which make up the number, we notice Fr. Edmond Power's discussion of the Hebrew expression translated "wide of heart." It has regretfully to be said that, more keenly even than in the case of the Gregorian review, the tongue-confounding malediction of Babel will be felt by the reader who takes up *Biblica*. He will find that in order to imbibe all its wisdom and learning he needs to know, in addition to Latin, Greek, a little Hebrew, and a smattering of Arabic, also Italian, French, Spanish, English, and German!

This difficulty does not cling about the *Revue d'Ascétique et de Mystique*. Edited and printed at Toulouse, it expresses itself wholly in French. An exception, indeed, is made in the case of a letter of Pope Benedict XV., which is given in Italian—a notable letter which, though brief, forms a worthy pendant to the Pontiff's masterly pronouncement on the duties of the Christian preacher. Written in commendation of the recently-founded chair of ascetical and mystical theology in the Gregorian University, it forms an apt introduction to the new periodical. The Pope shows his conviction that for the clergy of the present day, and in some degree also for the laity, a systematic study of the elements which go to build up the perfection of the Christian life—a study on the one hand critical and exact, on the other devout and practical—is of immense value and importance. Towards such an end, this *Revue*, as it now announces itself, ought to prove a valuable collaborator. Its contents respond well to both parts of its title. The longest article, however, is historical: "Le Procès de Molinos," a rather curious story narrated by Père Dudon, who has ere now shown his competence in this and similar fields of study.

G. O'Neill.

Books also received:

John W. Adamson ... A Guide to the History of Education. (S.P.C.K., 8*d.*).
P. Charles Augustine ... A Commentary on the New Code of Canon Law. Vol. v. (Herder, 10*s.* 6*d.*).
Irving Babbitt ... ... Rousseau and Romanticism. (Constable, 17*s.*).
St. Bernard ... ... Sermons on the Canticle of Canticles. Translated. (Browne & Nolan, 9*s.*).
Aodh de Blácam ... Songs and Satires. (Talbot Press, 1*s.*).
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Adrian Fortescue ... The Early Papacy to the Council of Chalcedon, 451. (Burns, Oates & Washbourne, 2*s.* 6*d.*).
Christine Frederick ... Scientific Management in the Home. (Routledge, 12*s.* 6*d.*).
J. H. Freese ... ... The Library of Photius. Vol. i. (S.P.C.K., 10*s.*).
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Percy Handcock ... The Code of Hammurabi. (S.P.C.K., 1*s.*).
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Bulmer Hobson ... The Letters of Wolfe Tone. (Martin Lester, 2*s.* 6*d.*).
Charles Johnson ... Selections from the "Historia Rerum Anglicarum" of William of Newburgh. (S.P.C.K., 1*s.* 3*d.*).
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Anthony Koch ... ... A Handbook of Moral Theology. Vol. iii. (Herder, 7*s.*).
Rt. Rev. Mgr. MacCaffrey Studies in Early Church History. (C.T.S.I., 1*s.* 6*d.*).
L. McKenna ... ... The Social Teachings of James Connolly. (C.T.S.I., 1*s.* 3*d.*)
E. D. Morel ... ... The Black Man's Burden. (National Labour Press, 3*s.* 6*d.*)
Forrest Reid ... ... The Pirates of the Sea. (Talbot Press, 7*s.*).
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Georges Goyau ... ... Une Ville-Eglise: Genève, 1535-1907. (Perrin, 7fr.).
Xavier Moisant ... ... Pour comprendre l'Irlande. (Beauchesne).
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